Glen. 43.

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

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THE

CHARMER;

A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

SONGS,

SCOTS and *ENGLISH.*

MUSIC has CHARMS *to sooth a savage Breast,*
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd
By magic Numbers and perſuaſive Sound.

CONGREVE.

TO THE

READER.

IT is not in Compliance with the common Practice, that I trouble you with any thing by way of Preface: Nor is it from an Inclination to depretiate other Performances of this Nature. Though I muſt ſay, had any one of the MODERN COLLECTIONS contained a tollerable Number of late and juſtly-admired Songs, and the Publiſher given himſelf the Trouble to ſearch for the good ones from the Works of his Predeceſſors, (for whoſe ſake the more indifferent might have been overlooked) it would have rendered the Publication of this Collection unneceſſary, and ſo prevented it.

I HAVE

I HAVE been extremely careful, in this Work, to collect those Songs that are most esteemed, both for Music and Poetry; and though several of the humorous kind have a Place in it, obscene and Party ones are equally avoided.

ALL I shall say further is, that I beg the Public will not be rash in their Censure, nor stop their Ears to the Voice of the CHARMER.

J. G.

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A CHOICE
COLLECTION of SONGS.

The Power of Muſic, by Mr. SMITH.

MUSIC, how pow'rful is thy charm!
That can the fierceſt rage diſarm,
Calm paſſions in a human breaſt,
And lull ev'n jealouſy to reſt;
With amorous thoughts the ſoul inſpire,
Or kindle up a warlike fire;
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,
Cou'd rocks remove, and ſtones inſpire,
Command a city to ariſe,
And lofty buildings touch the skies,
While ſtones, obedient to his call,
Harmonious mov'd, and form'd a wall;
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Arion, from his veſſel caſt,
In ſafety o'er the ſeas he paſs'd;
For, mounted like the ocean's god,
Upon a dolphin's back he rode,
Whilſt ſhoals of fiſhes flock'd around,
Well pleas'd drank in the charming ſound;
So great is muſic's pow'r.

Sad *Orpheus*, through hell's dreary coaſt
Was ſeeking for his conſort loſt,

His music drew the ghosts along,
And furies listen'd to his song;
His song could *Charon*'s rage disarm,
And *Pluto* and his consort charm;
So great is music's pow'r.

Inflam'd by music soldiers fight,
Inspir'd by music poets write,
Music can heal the lover's wounds,
And calm fierce rage by gentle sounds;
Philosophy attempts in vain,
What music can with ease attain;
So great is music's pow'r.

From the SPECTATOR, *Vol. VIII.*

Tune, ALLOA-HOUSE.

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went,
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure never fond shepherd like *Colin* was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to 'tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to ly down and sleep;
I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known;
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart —— I am sure, it weighs more than a pound.

The

Untainted by folly, unfully'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reſide.
Pray heav'n that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him, who, without thee, muſt die.

An Ode of Sappho. *Tranſlated by* A. PHILIPS.

Tune, *I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.*

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

My boſom glow'd; the ſubtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame:
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulſe forgot to play:
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

Tune, *To danton me.*

ALAS! when charming *Sylvia*'s gone,
I ſigh, and think myſelf undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtleſs of all but her I rove.
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah

Ah me! what pow'r can move me ſo?
I die with grief when ſhe muſt go,
But I revive at her return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſtrong, ſo ſweet, ſo new,
Say, can they be to friendſhip due!

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing pain;
For who e'er ſaw bright *Sylvia*'s eyes,
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
Gods, if the trueſt muſt be bleſt,
O let her be by me poſſeſt.

From the Spectator, *Vol. V.*

THOU riſing ſun, whoſe glad ſome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt, and clear the skies,
And bring my *Orra* to my eyes.

O! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmoſt bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze,

My *Orra Moor* where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my ſleeping maid?
Up by the roots, enrag'd, I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bleſs too long my bride denies;
Apace the waſting ſummer flies:

Nor yet the wint'ry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms, nor night ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Ah! love has fetters ſtronger far:
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex my breaſt,
When thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt.
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay;
Away to *Orra*, haſte away.

WOuld you taſte the noon-tide air?
To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will ſhelter you.

Down each ſide a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the moſſy ground,
Sultry *Phœbus* ſcorching round.

Round the languid herds and ſheep,
Stretch'd o'er ſunny hillocks, ſleep;
While on the hyacinth and roſe
The fair does all alone repoſe.

All alone---- yet, in her arms,
Your breaſt may beat to love's alarms,
Till, bleſt and bleſſing, you ſhall own,
The joys of love are joys alone.

STELLA, darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming ſpring;
Sweeteſt theme the poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

Whilſt my ſoul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces,
Of thy ſex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breaſt alternate riſe:
Words no more can paint my paſſion,
Than the pencil can thine eyes.

Laviſh nature, thee adorning,
On thy cheeks and lips hath ſpread
Colours that do ſhame the morning,
Shining with celeſtial red.

Pallas, *Venus*, now muſt never
Boaſt their charms triumphant ſit;
Stella bright outvying either,
This in beauty, that in wit.

Could the gods, in bleſt condition,
Ought on earth with envy view,
Lovely *Stella*, their ambition
Would be to reſemble you.

CHLOE be kind, no more perplex me,
Slight not my love at ſuch a rate:
Should I your ſcorn return, 'twould vex ye.
Love, much abus'd, will turn to hate.

How can you, lovely charming creature,
Put on the look of cold diſdain?
Women were firſt deſign'd by nature,
To give a pleaſure, not a pain.

Kindneſs creates a flame that's laſting,
When other charms are fled away:
Think on the time we now are waſting,
Throw off thoſe frowns, and love obey.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our pow'r
To ſay how long our love will laſt ;
It may be we, within this hour,
May loſe thoſe joys we now do taſte :
The bleſſed, who immortal be,
From change of love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will laſt ;
But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleaſure paſt.
Were it not madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we're ſure to die.

Fear not ; tho' love and beauty fail,
My reaſon ſhall my heart direct :
Your kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And paſſion turn into reſpect.
Celia, at worſt, you'll in the end
But change a lover for a friend.

By Mr. CONCANEN.

I Love thee by heav'ns, I cannot ſay more ;
Then ſet not my paſſion a cooling :
If thou yieldſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it ſhall make up in deeds,
Then why ſhould we waſte time in ſtuff, child ?
A performance, you wot well, a promiſe exceeds.
A word to the wiſe is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known,
But I hate all proteſting and arguing :
Had a goddeſs my heart, ſhe ſhou'd e'en ly alone,
If ſhe made many words to a bargain.

I'm a *Quaker* in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an ending.

Long courtship 's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my *Peggy*.
Yet greater bards the lyre should hit,
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely *Peggy*.

The sun just rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangl'd thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
And when, in *Thetis'* lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely *Peggy*.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To please my lovely *Peggy*.

With her a cottage would delight,
All pleaſes while ſhe's in my ſight,
But when ſhe's gone 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my *Peggy*.

When *Zephyrs* on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask roſe,
They do not half the ſweets diſcloſe
As does my lovely *Peggy*.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And, truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrant breath of blooming *May*
Was not ſo ſweet as *Peggy*.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
So long ſhall I love *Peggy*.
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that wounds my heart,
My words ſhall be, when I depart,
May heav'ns preſerve my *Peggy*.

YOung *Celia*, in her tender years,
(The roſe-bud on its ſtalk)
Fill'd with a virgin's modeſt fears,
Stepp'd forth one eve to walk.
She oft had heard of love's blind boy,
And wiſh'd to find him out,
Expecting then to meet the joy
Of which ſhe'd been in doubt.

A pleaſant ſhady grove ſhe ſpy'd,
Where trembling aſpens ſhook;
Cloſe to its flow'ry verge did glide
A murm'ring limpid brook.

Amyntor ſighing there ſhe found,
She heard him talk of love;
His crook lay by him on the ground,
While thus he pray'd to *Jove*.

Grant, mighty pow'r! that I may find
Some eaſe within this breaſt;
Grant that my *Celia* may be kind,
And make *Amyntor* bleſt.
Grant that to know the force of love,
And of her ſwain's deſire;
Grant but of me ſhe may approve,
And more I'll ne'er require.

WHAT care I for affairs of ſtate?
Or who is rich, or who is great?
How far abroad th' ambitious roam,
To bring or gold or ſilver home?
What is 't to me, if *France* and *Spain*
Conſent to peace, or war maintain?

I pay my taxes, peace or war,
And wiſh all well at *Gibraltar*;
But mind a cardinal no more
Than any other ſcarlet whore.
Grant me, ye pow'rs, but this requeſt,
And let who will the world conteſt:

Near ſome ſmooth ſtream, O let me keep
My liberty, and feed my ſheep!
A ſhady walk, well lin'd with trees,
A garden, with a range of bees;
An orchard, which good apples bears,
Where ſpring a long green mantle wears.

Where winters never are ſevere:
Good barley-land to make good beer;

With

With entertainment for a friend.
To ſpend in peace my latter end,
In honeſt eaſe, and home-ſpun grey;
And let the evening crown the day.

Tune, *Love's a gentle gen'rous Paſſion.*

AWAY, let nought to love diſpleaſing
My *Winifreda*, move your care;
Let nought diſturb the heav'nly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood;
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And, to be noble, will be good.

What tho' from fortune's laviſh bounty,
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs;
We'll find, within our pittance, plenty,
And be content, without exceſs.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where'er 'tis ſpoke;
And all the great ones they ſhall wonder,
How they admire ſuch little folk.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet-ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love theſe pretty creatures,
While round my knees they're fondly clung,

To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear them liſp their mother's tongue.
And when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
I'll go a-wooing in my boys.

TO *Fanny* fair could I impart
The cauſe of all my woe!
That beauty, which has won my heart,
She ſcarcely ſeems to know:
Unskill'd in th' arts of womankind,
Without deſign ſhe charms;
How can thoſe ſparkling eyes be blind,
Which every boſom warms?

She knows her pow'r is all deceit,
The conſcious bluſhes ſhows,
Thoſe bluſhes to the eye more ſweet
Than th' op'ning budding roſe:
Yet the delicious fragrant roſe,
That charms the ſenſe ſo much,
Upon a thorny briar grows,
And wounds with ev'ry touch.

At firſt when I beheld the fair,
With raptures I was bleſt;
But as I would approach more near,
At once I loſt my reſt:
Th' inchanting ſight, the ſweet ſurprife,
Prepare me for my doom;
One cruel look from thoſe bright eyes
Will lay me in my tomb.

The Banks of Forth.

YE ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly winding *Fortha* glides,
Conduct me to thoſe banks again,
Since there my charming *Molly* bides.
Theſe banks that breath their vernal ſweets,
Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets;
Where *Molly*'s charms adorn the plain,
And chear the heart of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were theſe golden days,
When I, amidſt the rural throng,
On *Fortha*'s meadows breath'd my lays,
And *Molly*'s charms were all my ſong.
While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
No ſorrow did our mirth allay;
We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;
The ſhepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er *Fortha*'s mazy banks we ſtray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Oft on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where *Forth* ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming *Molly* lull'd aſleep;
My heart then leap'd with inward bleſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd, and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, to chide me fell,
But ſmil'd as if ſhe lik'd it well.

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And *Fortha*'s fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye ſylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
To whom we ſwains our cares impart;
Reſtore me to theſe bleſt abodes,
And eaſe, Oh eaſe my love-ſick heart!
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When *Mol* and I ſhall part no more,
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bleſs with all her charms.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care;
He needs neither *Parthian* quiver nor ſpear:
The *Moor*'s poiſon'd dart he ſcorns for to wield;
His bottle alone is his weapon and ſhield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
Demoliſhes windows, and breaks open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
And boldly defies both the proctor and devil.

As late I went out, with my skin full of wine,
Encumbered neither with care, nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

No monſter could put you to half ſo much fear,
Should he in *Apulia*'s foreſt appear;
In *Africa*'s deſart there never was ſeen
A monſter ſo hated by gods and by men.

Come

Come place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree, nor a plant, but the vine;
O'er hot-burning ſands I'll ſwelter and ſweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or place me where ſun-ſhine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound;
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle ſhould warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutors may job me, and lay me down rules,
Who minds them but damn'd philoſophical fools?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then for to ſit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought *Ariſtotle* an aſs for his pain;
His ſorrows he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well ſtor'd,
And into 't I came to be drunk as a lord;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I'll pay,
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

AS I ſaw fair *Chloe* walk alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like *Jove*, deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhow'r.
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſts,
Like little birds into their neſts;
But, being o'ercome with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear;
Then, flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

From the Guardian, *Vol. I.*

ON *Belvidera*'s boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The cold regardleſs maid to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I ſue,
You firſt have taught me how to love,
Oh teach me to be happy too.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
'Tis ev'ry prudent maid's concern,
Her lover's fondneſs to improve,
If to be happy you would learn,
You quickly muſt forget to love.

Tune, *Happy Clown.*

REfreſht with ſleep, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants, and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unſully'd with a crime;
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and, unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

AH

To the Tune of *Gilder Roy*.

AH! *Cloris*, could I now but ſit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Wou'd take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfections preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

In Imitation of HORACE, *Book* III. *Ode* 9.

WHILST I alone your ſoul poſſeſt,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſt,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſt,
When kind *Jeany* lo'ed me!

Whil'ſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor *Kate* with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with *Jeany* cou'd compare,
When kind *Robin* lo'ed me!

Katy now commands my heart,
Kate who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind *Katy* lo'es me.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd periſh twice;
For kind *Paty* lo'es me.

What if I *Kate* for thee diſdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the ſtrongeſt chain;
For kind *Robin* lo'es thee.

Tho' *Paty*'s kind as kind can be,
And thou more ſtormy than the ſea,
I'd chuſe to live and die with thee,
If kind *Robin* lo'es me.

SHALL I, waſting in deſpair,
Die becauſe a woman 's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe another's roſie are?
Be ſhe fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in *May*,
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love?

Or,

Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die e'er ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn, and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

THE night her ſilent ſable wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in *Nelly*'s eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrowded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within my cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd,
Her ſwelling breaſt and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch enflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obeyed,
Reſolv'd the ſort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;

I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſt a man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſht with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I, that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin:
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again.
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

SEND home my long ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd ſuch ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet

Yet ſend me home my heart and eyes,
That I may ſee and know thy lies,
And laugh one day, perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy love will ſcorn,
And prove as falſe as thou art now.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon *Tweed*?
Yet *Mary*'s ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Where nature doth fancy exceed.
No daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The black-bird, and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſick enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lyes aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt,
Kind nature indulging my bliſs;
Then, to eaſe the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excell
No beauty with her may compare;

Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the *Tweed*?

O *BELL*, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm:
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze,
Still wanders o'er thy charms;
Deluſive dreams, ten thouſand ways,
Preſent thee to my arms.
Then waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, I wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that 's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat would give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,

And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Tune, PINKY-HOUSE.

AS *Sylvia* in a foreſt lay,
To vent her wo alone;
Her ſwain *Sylvander* came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhould darkneſs turn,
Ere you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous conſtant I
Should by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid——all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,

She

She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But ere the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

WITH broken words, and down-caſt eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I 'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauty which invites our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You 'll near engage a heart that 's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder,

Ye Gods, take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot, the flower of *Yarrow*?

Ah no! her form 's too heavenly fair,
Her love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at a diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of *Yarrow*.

Be huſh, ye fears, I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary* 's tender as ſhe 's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:
With ſucceſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the ſky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my marrow,
We'll make a paradiſe on *Yarrow*.

The Words by Mr. GAY.

ALL in the *Downs* the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd *Suſan* came on board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet *William* ſails among the crew.

William,

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below :
The cord ſlides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt
(If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt :
The nobleſt captain in the *Britiſh* fleet
Might envy *William*'s lips her kiſſes ſweet.

O *Suſan*, *Suſan*, lovely dear !
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again :
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points at thee.

Believe not what the land-men ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind ;
They'll tell thee, ſailors when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherſoe'er I go.

If to fair *India*'s coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is *Africk*'s ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white :
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms
William ſhall to his dear return :

Love

Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from *Suſan*'s eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head.
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her lilly hand.

The Words by HARRY CAREY.

I'LL range around the ſhady bow'rs,
And gather all the ſweeteſt flow'rs;
I'll ſtrip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When, in the ſultry heat of day,
My thirſty nymph does panting ly,
I'll haſten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the ſtream that ſhe may drink.

At night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a ſhade,
That nothing may her reſt invade.

And, whilſt diſſolv'd in ſleep ſhe lyes,
Myſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe eyes;
But, gazing ſtill with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as ſoon as chearful day
Has chas'd the gloomy ſhades away,
Forth to the foreſt I'll repair,
And find proviſion for my fair.

Thus will I ſpend the day and night,
Still mixing labour with delight;

Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can eaſe for her procure.

But if the maid, whom thus I love,
Shou'd e'er unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant ſhore,
And never think of wom an more.

In the GUARDIAN, VOL. II.

OH! the charming month of *May*,
When the breezes
Fan the trees, is
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay:
Oh! the charming month of May,
Charming charming month of May.

Oh! what joys our proſpects yield,
When in new livery
We ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field:
Oh! what joy, &c. *Charming joys*, &c.

Oh! how freſh the morning air,
When the *Zephyrs*
And the heifers
Their odorif'rous breath compare:
Oh! how freſh, &c. *Charming freſh*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet at night to dream,
On moſſy pillows,
By the trillows
Of a gentle purling ſtream,
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! how kind the country laſs,
Who, her cow bilking,
Leaves her milking

Or,

For a green gown on the graſs :
Oh! how kind, &c. *Charming kind*, &c.

Oh! how ſweet it is to ſpy,
At the concluſion,
Her deep confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye:
Oh! how ſweet, &c. *Charming ſweet*, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
When all is over,
She gives her lover,
Who on the skiming-diſh carves her name.
Oh! the charming curds and cream,
Charming charming, &c.

The Words by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

A Trifling ſong ye ſhall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately have come into play,
The men would want ſomething to do,
And the women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes men trifle in dreſſing?
Becauſe the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No ſooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal man would be able,
At *Whyte*'s half an hour to ſit?
Or who could bear a tea-table,
Without taking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles ſecure,
Gold keys are no trifles we ſee;
White rods are no trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will ſhew you his grace
Makes promiſes trifles indeed!

A coach with ſix footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor ſin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous trifle within?

A flask of *Champaign* people think it
A trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parſon's a trifle at ſea,
A widow's a trifle in ſorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We ſhall have more trifles than ever.

The ſtage is a trifle, they ſay,
The reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that at every new play,
The houſe they with trifles ſo throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a foot,
The author of this is a trifle,
And his ſong is a trifle to boot.

Tune, *My deary, if thou die.*

I.

IF heaven, its bleſſings to augment,
Call *Henny* to the skies,
Hence from the earth flies all content,
The moment that ſhe dies:
For in this earth there is no fair
Can give ſuch joy to me;
How great muſt then be my deſpair,
My *Henny*, if thou die.

II.

But now pale ſickneſs leaves her face,
And now my charmer ſmiles;
New beauty heightens ev'ry grace,
And all my fear beguiles:
The bounteous pow'rs have heard the prayers
I daily made for thee,
Like them be kind, and eaſe my cares,
Elſe I myſelf muſt die.

The Words by Mr. GAY.

Tune, *Cotillon.*

YOUTH's the ſeaſon made for joys,
Love is then our duty,
She alone who that employs
Well deſerves her beauty.

Let 's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty 's a flower deſpis'd in decay,
Youth 's the ſeaſon, *&c.*

Let us drink and ſport to day,
Ours is not to-morrow,
Love with youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but ſorrow.
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows the return of ſpring.
Chorus. Let us drink, *&c.*

To the Tune of, *Woe 's my heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
O! the dear, the charming treaſure:
Fortune now in vain ſhall frown;
All my future life be pleaſure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
Smiling heaven is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms ariſe,
Roſy ſmiles, and kindling bluſhes;
Love ſits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her ſecret wiſhes.

Haſte then from th' *Idalian* grove,
Infant ſmiles, and ſports and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your ſweet embraces.

Softeſt

Softeſt raptures, pure from noiſe,
This fair happy night ſurround us;
While a thouſand ſpritely joys
Silent flutter all around us.

Thus, unſour'd with care or ſtriſe,
Heaven ſtill guard this deareſt bleſſing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving ſtill, and ſtill poſſeſſing.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of* Cowden-knows.

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove
My boaſted flame ſincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.
Sleep in vain diſplays her charms,
To bribe my ſoul to reſt,
In vain ſhe ſpreads her ſilken arms,
And courts me to her breaſt.

Where can *Strephon* find repoſe,
If *Chloe* is not there?
For, ah! no peace his boſom knows,
When abſent from the fair.
What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
Withholds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light ſupply,
And give me more than day.

Tune of, *Logan Water*.

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
Thou doſt from him that loves thee run?
Why from his ſoft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments ſhun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppreſs'd,
Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
It ſtarts at ev'ry empty blaſt,
And trembles when no danger 's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face;
Not with a hateful ſtep purſue,
As age, to rifle ev'ry grace.

Ceaſe then, dear wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all rivals to outſhine;
Now grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave mamma's arms, and fly to mine.

To the Tune of, *I lo'ed a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never eaſe my pain?
Muſt I die for ev'ry feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The deſire of admiration
Is the pleaſure you purſue;
Pray thee, try a laſting paſſion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and ſighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy ways beſeeming?
Will my dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the joy of women,
Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my deſperate thoughts increaſe;

Pray

Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wandring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

The REPLY.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven, and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, since any power,
To crown thy love must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 11.
To W. D.

Tune of, Willy *was a wanton Wag.*

WILLY ne'er enquire what end
The Gods for thee or me intend;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes:
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,

Than

Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy preſent years in mirth employ,
And conſecrate thy youth to joy;
Whether the fates to thy old ſcore
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this ſhall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
No more with *Home* the dance to lead;
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blythe intent the goblet pour,
That's ſacred to the genial hour;
In flowing wine ſtill warm thy ſoul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
Behold the flying hour is loſt,
For time rides ever on the poſt,
Even while we ſpeak, even while we think,
And waits not for the ſtanding drink.

Collect thy joys each preſent day,
And live in youth, while beſt ye may;
Have all your pleaſures at command,
Nor truſt one day in fortune's hand.
Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
If ye wad pleaſe the laſſes braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

STELLA and *Flavia* every hour
Do various hearts ſurpriſe;
In *Stella*'s ſoul lyes all her power,
And *Flavia*'s in her eyes.

More boundleſs *Flavia*'s conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd:
All can diſcern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like *Britain*'s monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eaſtern tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren ſands.

Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt thy face,
Thy beauties only ſtore:
Thy charms will every day decreaſe,
Each day gives *Stella* more.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

The Words by the Earl of ROCHESTER.

MY Goddeſs *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
As lillies ſweet, as ſoft as air,
Let looſe thy treſſes, ſpread thy charms,
And to my love give freſh alarms.

O! let me gaze on theſe bright eyes,
Tho' ſacred lightning from them flies;
Shew me that ſoft that modeſt grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in bliss,
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O ! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
Of my kind heart the vital blood ?
Thou art all over endless charms ;
O ! take me dying to thy arms.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know ;
Random, chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid*'s bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve ;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella*'s cries,
Ask not me the reason why,
Seek the riddle in the skies.

IN spite of love, at length I've found
A mistress that can please me,
Her humour free and unconfin'd,
Both night and day she'll ease me ;

No

No jealous thoughts diſturb my mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all mankind:
Then drink and never ſpare it;
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
Her little mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your arms,
And uſe her like a lover;
Such liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſht ſenſe;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

But, beſt of all! ſhe has no tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me,
She's fully better old than young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me;
Her skin is ſmooth, complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious ſmack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

If you her excellence would taſte,
Be ſure ye uſe her kind, Sir,
Clap your hand about her waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her bottom never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink and never ſpare it,
'Tis a *bottle* of good *claret*.

The Words by HARRY CAREY.

OF all the girls that are ſo ſmart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley:

There

There is no lady in the land
Is half ſo ſweet as *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And thro' the ſtreets does cry 'em ;
Her mother ſhe ſells laces long
To ſuch as pleaſe to buy 'em :
But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely ;
My maſter comes like any *Turk*,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely :
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for *Sally* ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The *Saturday* and *Monday* :
For then I'm dreſt all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with *Sally*,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Becauſe I leave him in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named :
I leave the church in ſermon-time,
And ſlink away with *Sally* ;

She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

When *Chriſtmas* comes about again,
O! then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
And give it to my honey:
And wou'd it were ten thouſand pound,
I'd give it all to *Sally*;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our alley.

My maſter, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and *Sally*,
And (but for her) I'd better be
A ſlave, and row a galley;
But when my ſeven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our own alley.

LOVE, thou art the beſt of human joys,
Our chiefeſt happineſs below;
All other pleaſures are but toys,
Muſick without thee is but noiſe,
Beauty but an empty ſhow.

Heaven, that knew beſt what man cou'd move,
And raiſe his thoughts above the brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his ſoul improve,
Howe'er philoſophers diſpute.

By Mr. GAY.

'TWAS when the ſeas were roaring,
With hollow blaſts of wind,
A damſel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

Wide

Wide o'er the roaring billows,
She caſt a wiſhful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas ?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel ocean,
And let my lover reſt :
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaſt ?

The merchant robb'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts in deſpair ;
But what's the loſs of treaſure,
To loſing of my dear !
Shou'd you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain ;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eye theſe rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her dear,
Repay'd each blaſt with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white waves ſleeping,
His floating corps ſhe ſpy'd ;

VI.

The gods themſelves their creatures love,
Who do their aid implore;
O learn of them, and bleſs the nymph
Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The ſtrongeſt paſſion of the mind,
The greateſt bliſs we know,
Ariſes from ſucceſsful love,
If not the greateſt woe.
O my heart, &c.

I.

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over,
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her lover:
Thus in doubting ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

II.

Prithee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;
Then, too late, deſire will find you,
When the power muſt forſake you.
Think upon the ſad condition
To be paſt, yet wiſh fruition.

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can bear,
No other wit but hers approve :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

III.

If ſhe ſome other ſwain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt friend,
That inſtant enemy-I prove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhady grove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

V.

When arm'd with inſolent diſdain,
She ſeem'd to triumph in my pain ;
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove :
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

By HARRY CAREY.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country laſs ?
I read it plainly in my glaſs,
That for a dutcheſs I might paſs :
O could I ſee the day !
Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way. II. Sur-

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaus,
With ſmart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,
At rivals I'll turn up my noſe;
O could I ſee the day!
I'll dart ſuch glances from theſe eyes,
Shall make ſome duke, or lord, my prize;
And then, O how I'll tyrannize,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

III.

O then for every new delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night:
O could I ſee the day!
Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a ſtand-by, clear the way.

By Mr. GAY.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd morn*, &c.

'TIS woman that ſeduces all mankind,
By her we firſt were taught the wheedling arts:
Her very eyes can cheat, when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts:
For her, like wolves by night, we roam for prey,
And practiſe ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms;
For ſuits of love, like law, are won by pay,
And beauty muſt be fee'd into our arms.

Tune,

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

I.

'TIS wine that clears the underſtanding,
Makes men learn'd withoutten books;
It fits the general for commanding,
And gives ſogers fiercer looks.

II.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falſehood it diſcovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.

III.

Wine will ſet our ſouls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things;
When, rais'd by *Bacchus*, we aſpire
At flights above the reach of kings.

IV.

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
Be each glaſs a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toaſts gone round.

Tune, Cumbernauld *Houſe.*

FROM anxious zeal, and factious ſtrife,
From all th' uneaſy cares of life,
From beauty ſtill to merit blind,
And ſtill to fools and coxcombs kind:
To where the woods, in brighteſt green,
Like riſing theatres are ſeen,

Where

'Till ſhe return, our bleſs to crown,
And make our joys o'erflow.
May happineſs and ev'ry bliſs
That lovely ſhe attend:
I crave nae mair; in *Peggy* fair
My ſong and wiſhes end. *A. B.*

To the Tune of, *The Mill-----O.*

'TWAS *Pope* firſt in vogue
Brought the blythe *Molly Mogg*,
And flouriſh'd her praiſe with his quill---O;
But I ſtrange, that as yet ne'er *Twickinham* wit
E'er thought on a neighbouring mill---O.
That the ſea's foaming juice did *Venus* produce,
Let poets inſiſt on it ſtill---O;
Yet I ſtoutly aver, that a fairer than her
Took her riſe from the froth of the mill---O.

Then ſay, O ye nine! how a nymph ſo divine
Could the lap of a miller's wife fill---O?
Say, did not ſome god ſtray out of the road,
And ſet up his ſtaff in the mill---O?
Jove, roguiſh and looſe, in the ſhape of a gooſe,
Did *Leda* ſo lovingly bill---O,
That *Helen* ſhe hatch'd, who ne'er yet was match'd,
But by this fair maid of the mill---O.

In another diſguiſe, *Alcmene* he plyes,
Like *Amphitryo*, he frolick'd his fill---O;
Then why might not *Jove*, as a cloak for his love,
Take upon him the man of the mill---O.
To tell ev'ry grace of this freſh-water laſs,
I own far ſurpaſſes my skill---O;
Even *Pope* could not do't, and from head to foot
Deſcribe the fair maid of the mill---O.

If

If *Homer* inflam'd, had an hundred tongues claim'd,
Some arduous task to fulfil---O,
Yet I tell the old bard, the caſe were too hard,
Tho' he had all the clacks in the mill---O.
Ye beaus all beware, ſhe's bewitchingly fair,
Her eyes moſt aſſuredly kill---O;
And a boſom more ſlick than the downy ſwan's neck,
Has this deareſt ſweet maid of the mill---O.

Under Petticoat red, tho' her feet be well hid,
Yet peep they alternately will---O,
Which plainly doth prove, that more charms ly above,
In this deareſt ſweet maid of the mill---O:
Then, ſy muſe beware, it were better by far,
Such charms as theſe to conceal---O,
Leſt thereby you might new rivals incite,
And bring more ſacks to the mill---O.

With influence benign, ah! would ſhe incline,
With her ſtars to favour my will---O!
That I might be with her, 'twere rapture, I ſwear,
And muſick to live in the mill---O.

Then, fair maid, be kind, nor with water and wind,
Unconſtant turn round like the wheel---O,
Leſt when I am dead, it may truly be ſaid,
That your heart was the ſtone of the mill---O.

* *

KITTY, tender, gay, and blooming,
Lover! wou'dſt thou hope to gain?
Warmly court, grow more preſuming,
Maids deſpiſe the baſhful ſwain.
When ſhe's coldeſt,
Preſs her boldeſt;
Fondly ſeize her,
Claſp her, ſqueeze her,

Kiſs

Kiſs her lips, her neck, her breaſts,
And you'll ſoon, you'll ſoon be bleſt, *&c.*
But if after ev'ry trial,
Every proof of tender art,
She, with coldneſs and denial,
Still proves coy, and mocks your ſmart,
Ceaſe dull whining,
Moping, pining,
Vex her, grieve her,
Slight her, leave her,
Stamp, frown, ſwear, and bid adieu,
Ceaſe to court,-----and ſhe'll court you, *&c.*

Tune, *To all you Ladies now at Land*, &c.

MY deareſt maid, ſince you deſire
To know what I would wiſh,
What ſtore of wealth I would require
To gain true happineſs;
This faithful inventory take,
Of all that life can eaſy make.

Here happy only are the few,
Who wiſh to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their ſmall income;
An income which ſhould ever be
The fruit of honeſt induſtry.

A ſoul ſerene, and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd;
A body that's with health endu'd,
An open temper, yet not rude.

A heart that's always circumſpect,
Unknowing to deceive;
Yet ever wiſely does reflect,
Not eaſy to believe.
And for my dreſs, let it be plain,
Yet always neat, without a ſtain.

A cleanly hearth, and chearful fire
To drive away the cold:
A moderate glaſs one would require,
When merry tales are told;
The comp'ny of an eaſy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

To give true reliſh to delight,
A chaſte and chearful wife,
With ſweeteſt humour to unite
Our hearts as long as life:
Sound ſleep, whoſe kind deluſive turn
Shall join the ev'ning to the morn.

So would we live agreeably,
And always be content;
To providence ay thankful be
For all theſe bleſſings ſent.
Ye powers above, but grant me this,
No more I'll ask, no more I'll wiſh.

J. W.

Tune, Ettrick *Banks*.

WHEN firſt thoſe blooming charms I ſpy'd
That ſmiling play on *Annie*'s face,
Her air without affected pride,
Her ſhape, her mein, and ev'ry grace;

My

My heart, and ev'ry pulſe beat faſt,
In hurry all my ſpirits mov'd;
I felt new motions in my breaſt:
The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd.

But when her mirth, and lively ſenſe,
With pleaſure I attentive heard,
Her wit and chearful innocence,
In ev'ry thought and word appear'd.
Thoſe lovely beauties of her mind
A noble laſting joy impart,
Excite a paſſion more refin'd,
And doubly captivate the heart.

When *Annie*'s preſence I enjoy,
A pleaſant warmth within me glows;
No care then dares my bliſs annoy,
My ſoul with love and joy o'erflows.
Thus, when the glorious god of day
Diſpells the gloomy ſhades of night,
Nature reviving, all looks gay,
And welcomes the returning light.

Oh! wou'd my charmer make me bleſt,
And yield to eaſe her lover's pain,
My fears all gone, my mind at reſt,
Then peace and joy ſhou'd ever reign.
Each happy hour, with freſh delight,
Would paſs away in mutual love;
In peace we'd ſpend the day and night,
And emulate the bleſt above.

'TWAS on a ſun-ſhine ſummer's day,
When all the fields were freſh and gay,
The morning bluſh'd when *Phœbus* roſe,
Juſt when approaching from the ſeas,

As *Damon* did a hunting ride,
A lonely cottage he eſpy'd,
Where charming *Chloe* ſpinning ſat,
And turning ay her wheel about.

Her face ten thouſand beauties crown,
Her curling hair was lovely brown;
Her ſparkling eyes all hearts could win,
And ſoft, as down, her ſwan-like skin.
So taking her plain dreſs appears,
Her age not paſſing fifteen years,
Damon fell ſighing at her feet;
But ſtill ſhe turn'd her wheel about.

Thou faireſt of thy tender kind,
Sure this can never fill thy mind,
Such charms attending noble love
Were ne'er deſign'd for wood nor grove.
O! come to camp with me, my fair,
And ſhare my love and glory there,
And leave this ſordid rural rout,
And turn no more your wheel about.

At length, with a few modeſt ſighs,
She turn'd to him her lovely eyes,
O! tempt me not, kind ſir, ſhe cries,
Nor ſeek my virtue to ſurprize;
You men are not to be believ'd,
I've heard how virgins are deceiv'd;
O let me thus my life ſpin out,
And turn my harmleſs wheel about.

By that dear panting breaſt, he cries,
And by thoſe lovely killing eyes,
And by that love that conquer'd me,
I ſwear, this muſt not, ſhall not be.
O! cauſe not my eternal wo,
Nor kill the man that loves thee ſo;

But go with me, and eaſe my doubt,
And turn no more your wheel about.

His flatt'ring tongue ſo play'd its part,
He gain'd admiſſion to her heart,
And now ſhe thinks it is no ſin
To let love's fatal poiſon in;
But ſhe too late her fault found out,
And he too ſoon her charms forgot,
And left her e'er the year was out,
In tears to turn her wheel about.

The Words by Mr. CIBBER.

'TWAS paſt twelve a clock, in a fine ſummer's morning,
When all the village ſlept pleaſantlie,
Cynthia's bright beams all nature adorning,
Shall guide my ſwift ſteps to my lovely ſhe.

And then my fair *Flora*, freight with kind wiſhes,
I'll fold in my arms with am'rous kiſſes,
Which ſerves as preludes to more ſolid bliſſes,
Soon as the vicar has made us one.

HOW hard is the fate of all women-kind,
For ever ſubjected, for ever confin'd.
Our parents controul us until we are wives,
Our husbands confine us the reſt of our lives.
Tho' fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal;
In ſecret we languiſh, compell'd to conceal:

Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy ;
We're ſcorn'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if we're coy.

The Words by Mr. CONCANEN.

THE laſs that would know how to manage a man,
Let her liſten and learn it from me,
His courage to quell, or his heart to trapan,
As the time or occaſions agree,
As, &c.

The girl that has beauty, tho' ſmall be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the beau,
The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the uſe of that pretty word *No*,
By, &c.

When the powder'd toupees in crowds round her chat,
Each ſtriving his paſſion to ſhow,
With----kiſs me, and love me, my dear,----and all that,
Let her anſwer be ſtill, *No*, *no*, *no*.
Let, &c.

When a doze is contriv'd to lay virtue aſleep,
A preſent, a treat, or a ball,
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her empire ſhe'd keep,
And *No* be her anſwer to all,
And no, &c.

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go,

A houſe,

A houſe, and a coach, and a jointure in land;
She's an ideot, if then ſhe ſays *No.*
She's, &c.

Whene'er ſhe's attack'd by a youth full of charms,
Whoſe courtſhip proclaims him a man,
When preſs'd to his boſom, and claſp'd in his arms,
Then let her ſay *No* if ſhe can.
Then, &c.

The Blind Boy.

O SAY! what is that thing call'd light,
which I can ne'er enjoy?
What is the bleſſing of the ſight?
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you ſee,
You ſay the ſun ſhines bright:
I feel him warm; but how can he
Ere make it day or night?

My day or night my ſelf I make,
When e'er I ſleep or play;
And cou'd I always keep awake,
It wou'd be always day.

With heavy ſighs, I often hear
You mourn my hopeleſs woe;
But ſure, with patience, I may bear
A loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My chear of mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind boy.

LET my fair one only be
Female sex, and she's for me;
I can love her, fair or brown,
Of the country or the town;
I can love her, rich or poor,
Or her wealth or face adore;
Be she dull, or be she gay,
Haunting church, or haunting play,
I her piety admire,
Or her brisk coqueting fire.
I an equal flame can find,
For the coy or coming kind.
If kind, 'twou'd ungen'rous be:
Not to love her that loves me;
If coy, 'twou'd Injustice prove,
So much virtue not to love.
Be she fickle, so am I,
Each will have their liberty;
Shou'd she be a constant dame,
It will shew how true her flame.
Be she tall, I like her mien,
Stalking nobly like a queen;
If a little tinny thing,
Like fairy frisking in a ring,
Wisdom it has been confest,
Of all ills to chuse the least.
Let the fair-one only be
Female sex, and she's for me.
She who cannot credit give,
Such a lover e'er can live.
Tell it to the wond'ring fair,
I this moment sigh for her.
Sigh for her,----whoe'er she be,----
If woman, that's enough for me.

Tune,

Tune, *The Birks of* Abergeldie.

I Thought it once a loneſome life,
A loneſome life, a loneſome life,
I thought it once a loneſome life
To ly ſo lang my lane, jo;
But who would not my caſe regret,
Since I am curſed with a mate?
What once I long'd for now I hate,
I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
When I was full out nineteen years,
I held my head fu' high, jo;
Then I reſolv'd to take a laſs,
Ne'er thought on what would come to paſs,
Nor look'd in matrimony's glaſs,
'Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
So keen was I, ſo keen was I,
I reſted neither night nor day,
But wander'd up and down, jo.
To pleaſe her I took miekle care,
Ane would have thought I ſought nae mair
In the wide warld to my ſhare,
But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray,
Did ſcarce defray, did ſcarce defray,
My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray
Half of the marriage charge, jo.
For things belonging to a houſe
I gave, till I left ne'er a ſouce:
O but I'm turn'd wond'rous douſe,
And ſiller's nae ſae large, jo.

Her

Her father and her friends likewiſe,
Her friends likewiſe, her friends likewiſe,
Did hold her out for ſuch a prize,
I thought nae labour loſt, jo.
I dreſt myſelf from neck to heel,
And all was for a gilded pill,
Now I'd wiſh the miekle deil
Had her, and pay the coſt, jo.

Her father ſent a ſhip to ſea,
A ſhip to ſea, a ſhip to ſea,
When it returns, quoth he to me,
I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
The ſervants grumble, good-wife raves,
When hungry ſtomach ſore them craves.
Now I am told by the old knave,
The ſhip will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a-day, what will I do,
What will I do, what will I do,
Alack-a-day, what will I do!
The honey-month is done, jo.
My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd droſs,
And ſiller ſcarcely will be braſs,
I've nothing but a bonny laſs,
And ſhe's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet ſhe lays all the blame on me,
The blame on me, the blame on me,
Says, I brought her to miſery:
This is a weary life, jo.
I'd run to the wide warld's end,
If I could leave but her behind;
I'm out of hopes ſhe'll ever mend,
She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now batchelors be wiſe in time,
Be wiſe in time, be wiſe in time,

Tho'

Tho' ſhe's call'd modeſt, fair, and fine,
And rich in gold and plate, jo;
Yet ye'll have cauſe to curſe hard fate,
If once ſhe catch you in her net,
Your blazing ſtar will ſoon be ſet,
Then look before you leap, jo.

SWEET *Nelly*, my heart's delight,
Be loving and do not ſlight
The profer I make, for modeſty's ſake;
I honour your beauty bright.
For, love, I profeſs, I can do no leſs,
Thou haſt my favour won;
And ſince I ſee your modeſty,
I pray agree and fancy me,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

No: I am a lady gay,
'Tis very well known, I may
Have men of renown, in country or town:
So, Roger, *without delay,*
Court Bridget, *or* Sue, Kate, Nancy, *or* Prue,
Their loves will ſoon be won;
But don't you dare to ſpeak me fair,
As tho' I were at my laſt pray'r,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

My father has riches in ſtore,
Two hundred a year, and more,
Beſides ſheep and cows, carts, harrows and ploughs;
His age is above threeſcore:
And when he does die, then merrily I
Shall have what he has won;
Both land and kine, all ſhall be thine,
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
And marry a farmer's ſon.

A fig for your cattle and corn,
Your profer'd love I ſcorn;
'Tis known very well, my name it is Nell,
And you're but a bumpkin born.

Well, ſince it is ſo, away I will go,
And I hope no harm is done;
Farewell, adieu: I hope to woo
As good as you, and win her too,
Tho' I'm but a farmer's ſon.

Be not in ſuch haſte, quoth ſhe,
Perhaps we may ſtill agree,
For, man, I proteſt, I was but in jeſt;
Come, prithee ſit down by me:
For thou art the man, that verily can
Perform what muſt be done;
Both ſtrait and tall, genteel withal,
Therefore I ſhall be at your call,
To marry a farmer's ſon.

Dear lady believe me now,
I ſolemnly ſwear and vow,
No lords in their lives take pleaſure in wives,
Like fellows that drive the plow;
For whate'er they gain, with labour and pain,
They don't to harlots run,
As courtiers do: I never knew
A *London* beau, that could outdo
A country farmer's ſon.

Tune, Colin's *Complaint*.

THO' cruel you ſeem to my pain,
And hate me becauſe I am true,
Yet, *Phillis*, you love a falſe ſwain,
Who has other nymphs in his view: Enjoy-

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven it would be;
To him but a woman you ſeem,
But, ah! you're an angel to me.

Thoſe lips which he touches in haſte,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waiſt,
Which he ſpans as beſide him you go;
That arm, like a lilly ſo white,
Which over his ſhoulders you lay,
My boſom could warm it all night,
My lips they would preſs it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
The graces my ſubjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee:
But, if I muſt feel thy diſdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown. H. CAREY.

Tune, *Saw not ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus lo'es nae dwining,
Let's be blythe and free.

Away with dull *Here t'ye ſir*;
Your, miſtreſs, *Robie*, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
That's a laſs can charm ye,

And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed ſaw her
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty laſs is,
Come let's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we, with love and drinking,
Give our cares the lie. *P. F.*

Tune, *Up and war 'em a'*, Willy.

I'LL ſing a canty *Highland* ſang,
About the thing I ſaw, *Willy*.
Up and war 'em a', Willy,
War 'em, war 'em a', Willy.
When we went to the field of war,
And to the weaponſhaw, *Willy*,
With true deſign to ſtand our ground,
And chace our faes awa', *Willy*,
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were pra', *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

And when our army was drawn up,
The braveſt e'er I ſaw, *Willy*,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', *Willy*;

Pipers

Pipers play'd frae right to left,
Fy, whirry whigs awa', *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

But when our ſtandard was ſet up,
So fierce the wind did bla, *Willy*,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto the ground did fa', *Willy*.
Then ſecond-ſighted *Sandy* ſaid,
We'll do nae good at a', *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', *Willy*,
Our bald commander on the green
Our faes's left did ca, *Willy*,
And there the greateſt ſlaughter made
That e'er poor *Tonald* ſaw, *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

Firſt when they ſaw our *Highland* mob,
They ſwore they'd ſlay us a', *Willy*;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And ſo did rin awa', *Willy*.
We drave him back to *Bonny Brigg*,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

But when their general view'd our lines,
And them in order ſaw, *Willy*,
He ſtreight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, *Willy*.
Thus we taught them the better gate,
To get a better fa', *Willy*.
Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, *Willy*:

But gin ye ſpeir wha wan the day,
I'll tell ye what I ſaw, *Willy*;
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', *Willy*.

So there's my canty *Highland* ſang,
About the thing I ſaw, *Willy*.

B. G.

Tune, *Corn Rigs are bonny*.

WHILE *Jocky* told his tale of love,
Enraptur'd kneeling by me,
He ſwore fra thence he'd ne'er remove,
But grow a ſtatue nigh me.
In pleaſing lies my fame he ſings,
Nay vows, on his ſalvation,
My worth aboon a' earthly things,
Was equal'd by his paſſion.

Oh! how the lad beguil'd the hours,
While gay in beauty's bloſſom,
His face ſurpaſſing fineſt flowers,
Reclin'd on *Nelly*'s boſom.
While thoughtleſs I, devoid of art,
Believ'd I well had choſen,
And to the loon inclin'd my heart,
He left me for a dozen.

Oh then the tear bedew'd my een,
Tumultuous paſſions ſtriving,
Within my breaſt o'erſet me clean,
My heart with anguiſh riving;
Till gentler *Jamie* ſaw me grieve,
Ere fleeting life was over,
He bade me ſmile, look up, and live,
To bliſs a kinder lover.

While

While nobleſt worth adorns the whole
Deportment o' bright *Jamie*,
The coward lurks in *Jocky's* ſaul,
How could he elſe betray me?
While lofty brags hing on his tongue,
His honour frail as glaſs is,
Wha dare, with moſt unmanly wrong,
Miſuſe unthinking laſſes.

But cheer'd by *Jamie*'s healing voice,
My vains with rapture ſwell ay,
Let ſeas, and earth, and heav'n rejoice
When *Jamie* calls on *Nelly*,
Then think what pleaſure wad it be,
On high to meet my daddy;
With equal tranſport, maun I flee
To wed the lovely laddy.

Tune, Beſſy Bell.

THE fair who can my fancy warm,
A ſoul informs her boſom;
Whoſe quick'ning power preſerves the form
In youth's immortal bloſſom.
Such worth can fix our heart and eye,
Each raptur'd breaſt inſpiring;
With laſting, firm, ſubſtantial joy,
We live and die admiring.

When abſent from my charmer's ſight,
Inferior nymphs careſſing;
They yield a tranſient, faint delight,
Which palls in the poſſeſſing:
But in the heaven of *Mira*'s arms
My raviſh'd fancy traces

Exhauſtleſs pleaſures, endleſs charms,
And never-fading graces.

Tune, *Sweet are the Charms of her I love.*

WOU'D heav'n indulge my fond deſire,
And give ſome rural calm retreat,
Where peace attunes the *Sylvan* lyre,
And vernal woods the ſound repeat;
Where I my artleſs reed might join,
And mix in harmony divine;

And give my *Delia* to my arms,
Delia, whom more than life I love,
In whom, with all their varying charms,
A *Pallas* and a *Venus* move;
The skilful muſick of her tongue,
Reſponding, would refine the ſong;

I'd ſcorn the glitt'ring pomp of courts,
The park, the ring, the ball, the play;
Nor mind the tales that fame reports,
But thus employ the ſmiling day;
While, knit with time in wanton dance,
Still laughing joys on joys advance.

When firſt the ſun ſalutes the skies,
And tips the eaſtern hills with gold,
From my dear *Delia*'s arms I'd riſe,
And looſe the flocks from out the fold,
Too bleſs'd---this task when *Paris* knew,
Had he poſſeſs'd his *Helen* too.

Thro' verdant plains, and waving woods,
I'd wander with my fleecy care,
And, on the banks of liſt'ning floods,
Repeat the praiſes of my fair:

Such

Such praiſe as love and truth beſtow,
Where love and truth united glow.

Then, as I nam'd the perfect maid,
The winding ſtream ſhou'd catch the ſound,
Delia convey to ev'ry ſhade,
Through which its wat'ry path it found.
The ſporting *Naiads* chaunt the lay,
And deep beneath the ſounds convey.

The *Zephyrs*, raviſh'd with her name,
Shou'd waft it through the nodding grove,
And eccho, pleas'd to do the ſame,
Still farther with the accents rove;
'Till ſtreams, and woods, and earth and air,
Shou'd learn my theme, my pleaſure ſhare.

When ſhe ſhou'd riſe from ſoft repoſe,
And come to bliſs my raviſh'd ſight,
The day thoſe ſweets that friendſhip knows,
And love's delights ſhou'd crown the night.
Thus angel joys ſhou'd bloom below,
And bliſs in endleſs circles flow.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſs a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?

But if my *Chriſty* tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate *Edie* by a burn,
His *Chriſty* did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My *Chriſty*!---witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.

Be

Be ſure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kep ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen na-ſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

The CORDIAL.

To the Tune of, *Where ſhall our Goodman ly.*

HE.

WHERE wad bonny *Anne* ly ?
Alane na mair ye maun ly ;
Wad ye a goodman try ?
Is that the thing ye're laking ?

SHE.

Can a laſs ſae young as I,
Venture on the bridal tie,
Syne down with a goodman ly ?
I'm flee'd he keep me waking.

HE.

Never judge untill ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And ſleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What If I ſhould waking ly,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm ſaint and iry ?

HE.

In my boſom thou ſhalt ly,
When thou wakrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial, ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

SHE.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
  Wha can a cordial give me.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
  And we for life ſhall gang the gither,
Tho' daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
  Or black or fair, it makſna whether,
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
  And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling,
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
  For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
  And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
  Should love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
  I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
  They'ſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
  And ſiller and gowd's a ſweet complexion;
But beauty and wit, and vertue in rags,
  Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
  And caſtles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern ſparks,
  But well tocher'd laſſes, or jointer'd widows.

I.

THE ſhepherd *Adonis*
Being weary'd with ſport,
He for a retirement
To the woods did reſort.
He threw by his club,
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
And he ate frae the tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
And frae trouble was free.
He wiſh'd for no nymph,
Tho' never ſae fair,
Had nae love or ambition,
And therefore nae care.

III.

But as he lay thus
In an ev'ning ſae clear,
A heavenly ſweet voice
Sounded ſaft in his ear;
Which came frae a ſhady
Green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny *Amynta*
Sat ſinging of love,

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To ſee her ſae fair:
He ſtood like a ſtatue,
Not a foot could he move,

Nor

Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover;
But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign by nature's law
Is fleeting inclination;
That will-o'-wiſp bewilds us a'
By its infatuation.
When that goes out, careſſes tire,
And love's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blow up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where wit has the protection.
Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter:
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow completer.

Tune, *The happy Clown.*

'TWAS in the charming month of *May*,
When all the flow'rs were freſh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet *Chloe*, chaſte and fair,
From peaceful ſlumber ſhe aroſe,
Girt on her mantle and her hoſe,
And o'er the flow'ry mead ſhe goes,
To breathe the purer air.

Her looks ſo ſweet, ſo gay her mein,
Her handſome ſhape, and dreſs ſo clean,
She lookt all o'er like beauty's queen,
Dreſt in her beſt array.
The gentle winds, and purling ſtream,
Eſſay'd to whiſper *Chloe*'s name;
The ſavage beaſts, till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people, one might ſee,
Pearch'd all around her on each tree,
With notes of ſweeteſt melody,
They act a chearful part.
The dull ſlaves, at the toilſome plow,
Their weary'd necks and knees do bow,
A glad ſubjection there they vow
To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they ſpy,
They leave their hoarſe and rueful cry,
And dance around the brooks.
The woods are glad, the meadows ſmile,
And *Forth*, that foam'd and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down, as ſmooth as oil,
Through all its charming crooks.

The finny ſquadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,
In glazie numbers down they bent,
They flutter all along.
The inſects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring;
All friſk and dance, if ſhe but ſing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind *Phœbus* now began to riſe,
And paint with red the eaſtern skies;

Struck

Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He ſhrinks behind a cloud.
Her mantle on a bough ſhe lays,
And all her glory ſhe diſplays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skipt into the wood.

AN OLD BALLAD.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided *Margaret*'s grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at *William*'s feet.

Her face was pale, like *April* morn
Clad in a wint'ry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her ſable ſhrowd.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek:
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! (ſhe cry'd) thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death;
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and dreary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence—
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lyes
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring head:

Pale

Pale *William* quak'd in ev'ry limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where *Margaret*'s body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs turf
That wrapt her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret*'s name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more.

IN IMITATION.

'TWAS at the ſhining mid-day hour,
When all began to gaunt,
That hunger rugg'd at *Watty*'s breaſt,
And the poor lad grew faint.

His face was like a bacon-ham
That lang in reek had hung;
And horn-hard was his tawny hand,
That held his hazel rung.

So wad the ſafteſt face appear
Of the maiſt dreſſy ſpark;
And ſuch the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept cloſe at wark.

His head was like the heath'ry buſh,
Beneath his bonnet blew;
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy briſtles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade through his rumbling kyte;
And nothing now but ſolid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He

He to the kitchen ran with ſpeed,
To his lov'd *Madge* he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook,
With viſage ſour and wan.

Get up, (he cries) my creeſhy love,
Support my ſinking ſaul
With ſomething that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the beſt cures for grief
Are cogues ſou of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

Oh *Watty*, *Watty*, (*Madge* replies)
I but owr juſtly trow'd
Your love was thowleſs, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

Bethink thee, *Watty*, of that night,
When all were faſt aſleep,
How ye kiſs'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave theſe cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,
And comfort of your ſight?
How cou'd ye rooſe my dimpl'd hand,
Now all my dimples ſlight?

Why did you promiſe me a ſnood,
To bind my locks ſae brown?
Why did you me fine garters hight,
Yet let my hoſe ſa' down?

O faithleſs *Watty*! think how aft
I ment your ſarks and hoſe;
For you how mony bannocks ſtown,
How mony cogues of broſe.

But, hark! the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot:

Come

Come ſee, ye haſh, how ſair I ſweat,
To ſtegh your guts, ye ſot.
The grace was ſaid, the maſter ſerv'd,
Fat *Madge* return'd again,
Blythe *Watty* raiſe and rax'd himſel,
And ſidg'd, he was ſae ſain.
He hy'd him to the ſavoury bench,
Where a warm haggies ſtood,
And gart his gooly, through the bag,
Let out its fat heart's blood.
And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear *Madge*,
Of this delicious fare;
Syne claw'd it aff moſt cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Tune, *Down the Burn* Davie.

ASSIST your vot'ry, friendly nine,
Inſpire becoming lays;
Cauſe *Celia*'s matchleſs beauty ſhine,
Till heav'n and earth ſhall blaze.
She's pleaſant as returning light,
Sweet as the morning ray,
When *Phœbus* quells the ſhades of night,
And brings the chearful day.
Her graceful forehead's wond'rous fair,
As pureſt air ſerene;
No gloomy paſſions riſing there
O'ercaſt the peaceful ſcene:
Her ſmall bright eyebrows finely bend;
Tranſport darts from her eyes;
The ſparkling di'mond they tranſcend,
Or ſtars which gem the skies.

A riſing

A riſing bluſh, of heav'nly dy,
O'er her fair cheek ſtill glows ;
Her ſhining locks in ringlets ly :
Well ſhap'd and ſiz'd her noſe.
Her ſmiling lips are lovely red,
Like roſes newly blown :
Her iv'ry teeth, for moſt part hid,
You'd wiſh for ever ſhown.

Her ſnowy neck and breaſts, like glaſs
Or poliſh'd marble ſmooth,
That nymph's in beauty far ſurpaſs
Who fir'd the *Trojan* Youth.
Her ſlender waiſt, white arm and hand,
Juſt ſymmetry does grace.
What's hid from theſe (if you demand)
Let lively fancy trace.

A ſprightly and angelic mind
Reigns in this comely frame,
With decent eaſe acts unconfin'd,
Inſpires the whole like flame.
Minerva or *Diana*'s ſtate,
With *Venus*' ſoftneſs join'd,
Proclaim her goddeſs, meant by fate,
Love's rightful queen deſign'd.

Good gods, what raptures fire my ſoul!
How flutters my fond heart !
When tender glances art controul,
And love ſuppreſs'd impart.
Propitious pow'rs, make *Celia* mine,
Complete my dawning bleſs :
At monarch's pomp I'll not repine,
Nor grudge their happineſs.

By JAMES MOORE, Esq;

WHEN gay *Philander* fell a prize
To *Amoretta*'s conqu'ring eyes,
He took his pipe, he sought the plain,
Regardless of his growing pain,
And resolutely bent to wrest
The bearded arrow from his breast.

Come, gentle gales, the shepherd cry'd,
Be *Cupid* and his bow defy'd:
But as the gales obsequious flew,
With flow'ry scents and spicy dew,
He did unknowingly repeat,
The breath of Amoret *is sweet.*

His pipe again the shepherd try'd,
And warbling nightingales reply'd:
Their sounds in rival measures move,
And meeting echoes charm the grove:
His thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The voice of Amoret *is sweet.*

Since ev'ry fair and lovely view
The thoughts of *Amoret* renew,
From flow'ry lawn and shady green
To prospect gloomy change the scene:
Sad change for him! for, sighing, there
He thought of lovers in despair.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,
Now, cruel god, assert thy prize,
For love its fatal empire gains;
Yet grant, in pity to my pains,
These lines the nymph may oft repeat,
And own *Philander*'s lays are sweet.

Tune,

Tune, *Come let us prepare.*

LET matters of ſtate
Diſquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can ſtrap, if ſhe vex him.

He's out of the pow'r
Of Fortune, that whore,
Since low, as can be, ſhe has thruſt him:
From duns he's ſecure,
For, being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

Tune, *Over the hills and far away.*

WERE I laid on *Greenland*'s coaſt,
And in my arms embrac'd my laſs;
Warm amidſt eternal froſt,
Too ſoon the half year's nights would paſs.
Were I ſold on *Indian* ſoil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
I could mock the ſultry toil,
When on my charmer's breaſt repos'd.
And I would love you all the day.
Every night would kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray
Over the hills and far away. Mr. GAY.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd horn
Calls the hunters all up with the morn;

To

To the hills and the woodlands they ſteer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

Chorus of Huntſmen.

All the day long,
This, this is our ſong,
Still hallooing,
And following,
So frolick and free.
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow.
While the hills they all echo---Hallo!
With a bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our ſhouts they reſound to the skies,
All the day long, *&c.*

When we ſweep o'er the vallies, or climb
Up the heath-breathing mountain ſublime,
What a joy from our labour we feel!
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
All the day long, *&c.*

THE ſweet roſy morn peeps over the hills,
With bluſhes adorning the meadows and fields;
The merry, merry, merry horn calls, Come, come away,
Awake from your ſlumbers, and hail the new day.
The merry, merry, &c.

The ſtag, rous'd, before us away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry,
Then follow, follow, follow the muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigorous health you embrace,
Then follow, follow, &c.

The day's ſport, when over, makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover freſh charms for the night;
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,
Let love crown the night, as our ſports crown the day.
Then let us, &c.

OF all the torment all the care,
By which our lives are curſt,
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A Rival is the worſt.
By partners, in another kind,
Afflictions eaſier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Silvia, for all the griefs you ſee
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt.
Howe'er ſevere your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope,
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

WOULD fate to me *Belinda* give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live,
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater bliſs deſire.

My charming nymph, if you can find,
Amongſt the race of human-kind,
A man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, tho' I die.

Let

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,
With all her beauty, all her charms,
With ſcorn and pity I'd look down
On the glories, on the glories,
On the glories of a crown.

DEAR *Chloe*, while thus beyond meaſure
You treat me with doubts and diſdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleaſure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, that love is ſtill founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindneſs, you ought to improve:
Soft looks and gay ſmiles are the dawn,
Fruition the ſun-ſhine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Be clouded, that now are ſo gay,
And darkneſs obſcure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his ſide,
You have often regarded with wonder;
He's dropſical, ſhe is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder:
Together they totter about,
Or ſit in the ſun at the door;
And at night when old *Darby*'s pot's out,
His *Joan* will not ſmoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral failings to cover:
Then what are the charms, can you gueſs,
That make them ſo fond of each other?

'Tis

'Tis the pleaſing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did beſtow,
The thoughts of paſt pleaſure and truth,
The beſt of our bleſſings below.

Thoſe traces for ever will laſt,
Nor ſickneſs nor time can remove:
For when youth and beauty are paſt,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By reviews of ſuch raptures as theſe;
The current of fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

By Mr. GAY.

Daphnis ſtood penſive in the ſhade,
with arms a-croſs, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And ſighs reliev'd his love-ſick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, ſighs, and actions ſeem'd to ſay,
My *Chloe* is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, ceaſe your ſtrains;
I faintly hear in your ſoft notes
My *Chloe*'s voice, that wakes my pains.
But why ſhould you your ſongs forbear?
Your mates delight your ſongs to hear,
But *Chloe* mine diſdains.

As thus he melancholy ſtood
Dejected, as the lonely dove,
Sweet ſounds broke gently thro' the wood.
I feel a ſound my heart-ſtrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that ſung;
No, 'tis my *Chloe*'s ſweeter tongue:
Hark! hark! what ſays my love? How

How ſimple is the nymph, ſhe cries,
Who trifles with her lover's pain?
Nature ſtill ſpeaks in womens eyes,
Our artful lips are made to feign.
Oh *Daphnis! Daphnis!* 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd:
Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he ſeiz'd,
My blood with trickling motion flew,
Sudden I put on looks diſpleas'd,
And haſty from his hold withdrew:
'Twas fear alone, thou ſimple ſwain;
Then hadſt thou preſs'd my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy lip and roſy cheek;
Think not thy skill in ſong deſam'd,
Thy lip ſhould other pleaſures ſeek.
Much much thy muſick I approve,
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
Much more to hear thee ſpeak.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone!
Laſt night with *Delia*'s dog he play'd;
Love by ſuch trifles firſt comes on.
Now, now, dear ſhepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart betray.
Ah *Chloe!* thou art won.

The youth ſtept forth with haſty pace,
And found where wiſhing *Chloe* lay;
Shame ſudden lightned in her face,
Confus'd, ſhe knew not what to ſay:
At laſt, in broken words, ſhe cry'd,
To morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am loſt to day.

By Mr. TICKLE.

OF *Leiſter*, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright *Lucy* was the grace;
Nor e'er did *Liffy*'s limpid ſtream
Reflect ſo ſweet a face:

Till luckleſs love and pining care
Impair'd her roſy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of gloſſy blue.

Oh! have you ſeen a lilly pale,
When beating rains deſcend?
So droop'd the ſlow-conſuming maid,
Her life was near an end.

By *Lucy* warn'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
Take heed, ye eaſy fair,
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd ſwains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And ſhrieking at her window thrice,
the raven flap'd his wing:

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The ſolemn bodding ſound,
And thus in dying words beſpoke,
The virgins weeping round;

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
"Which ſays, I muſt not ſtay;
"I ſee a hand you cannot ſee,
"Which beckens me away.

"By a falſe heart and broken vows,
"In early youth I die;
"Was I to blame, becauſe his bride
"Was thrice as rich as I?

" Ah *Colin* ! give not her thy vows,
" Vows due to me alone ;
" Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiſs,
" Nor think him all thy own.

" To-morrow in the church to wed,
" Impatient both prepare :
" But know fond maid, and know falſe man,
" That *Lucy* will be there.

" Then bear my coarſe, my comrades, bear,
" This bridegroom blythe to meet ;
" He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
" I in my winding-ſheet."

She ſpoke, ſhe dy'd ; her coarſe was borne
The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim ſo gay,
She in her winding-ſheet.

Then what were perjur'd *Colin*'s thoughts !
How were theſe nuptials kept !
The bride's men flock'd round *Lucy* dead,
And all the village wept.

Confuſion, ſhame, remorſe, deſpair,
At once his boſom ſwell ;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He ſhook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !)
The varying crimſon fled,
When, ſtretch'd before her rival's coarſe,
She ſaw her husband dead.

Then to his *Lucy*'s new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling ſwains,
One mold with her, beneath one ſod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain foresworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember *Colin*'s dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire;
Softest notes will soothe her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love;
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound. A. BRADLEY.

IMITATED.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast;
Get me quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dripping-pan a toast;
That my hunger may remove:
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lyes:
Oh the charming white and red!

Finer

Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed.
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table ſpread the cloth,
Let the knives be ſharp and clean;
Pickles get of ev'ry ſort,
And a ſallad criſp and green.
Then, with ſmall beer and ſparkling wine,
O ye gods, how I ſhall dine!

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd *Lewelling*,
By water clear, come ev'ry year
And drink at *Bellaſpelling*.

Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
With rubies paſt the telling,
'Twill clear your skin, e'er you have been
A month at *Bellaſpelling*.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks,
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling roſe within them blows
While ſhe's at *Bellaſpelling*.

The ſutty brown, juſt come from town,
Grows here as freſh as *Helen*;
Then back ſhe goes, to kill the beaus,
By dint of *Bellaſpelling*.

Our ladies are as freſh and fair
As *Roſs*, or bright *Dunkelling*;
And *Mars* might make a fair miſtake,
Were he at *Bellaſpelling*.

We muſt ſubmit as they think fit,
And there is no rebelling;
The reaſon's plain, the ladies reign
Our queens at *Bellaſpelling*.

By matchleſs charms and conqu'ring arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such deſperate foes, as dare oppoſe
Their power at *Bellaſpelling*.

Cold water turns to fire and burns,
I know't becauſe I fell in
The happy ſtream, where a fair dame
Did bathe at *Bellaſpelling*.

Fine beaus advance, equipt for dance,
And bring their *Anne* and *Nell* in
With ſo much grace, I'm ſure no place
Can vie with *Bellaſpelling*.

No politicks, or ſubtile tricks,
No man his country ſelling;
We eat and drink, and never think,
Like rogues at *Bellaſpelling*.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
They all come here pell-mell in,
And they are ſure to find a cure
By drinking *Bellaſpelling*.

Tho' dropſy fill you to the gill,
From chin to toe high ſwelling,
Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
A cure at *Bellaſpelling*,

Death throws no darts in theſe good parts,
No ſextons here are knelling:
Come judge and try, you'll never die
While you're at *Bellaſpelling*;

Except you feel darts tip'd with ſteel,
Which here are ev'ry belle in,
When from their eyes ſweet ruin flies,
You die at *Bellaſpelling*.

Good chear, good air, much joy, no care,
Your ſight, your taſte and ſmelling,
Your ears, your touch, tranſported much
Each day at *Bellaſpelling*.

Within this bound we all ſleep ſound,
No noiſy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for *Celia*'s ſake
All night at *Bellaſpelling*.

Here all you ſee, both he and ſhe,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at *Bellaſpelling*.

My rhime is gone, I think I've done,
Unleſs I ſhou'd bring hell in;
But ſince we're here to heav'n ſo near,
I can't at *Bellaſpelling*.

****

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove weſtward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The ſwallows amain
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our ſhadows like giants appear.

In a jeſſamine bow'r,
When the bean was in flow'r,
And *Zephyrs* breath'd odours around,
Lov'd *Celia* was ſet,
With her ſong and ſpinet,
And ſhe charm'd all the grove with the ſound.

Roſy

Roſy bowers ſhe ſung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th' induſtrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their ſweets to their hive.

The gay god of love,
As he flew o'er the grove,
By *Zephyrs* conducted along;
As ſhe touch'd on the ſtrings,
He beat time with his wings,
And *Echo* repeated the ſong.

O ye mortals! beware
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is armed to wound:
Your fate you can't ſhun,
For you're ſurely undone,
If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

H E.

OF all comforts I miſcarried,
When I play'd the ſot and married:
'Tis a trap, there's none needs doubt on't,
Thoſe that are in would fain be out on't.

S H E.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take, and bind your head:
Too much drink your brain has dos'd;
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

H E.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up, or ly down;
For as ſoon as the cock crows I'll be gone.

SHE.

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a wife to ly alone!

HE.

From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a coursing,
A sport that far excells a *madam*,
Or all the wives have been since *Adam*.

SHE.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

HE.

Pox, what care I! drink your slops till you die;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

SHE.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

HE.

E'er I be from rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure?

SHE.

To my grief then I must see,
Strong wine and *Nantz* my rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades:
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

HE.

'Zounds! you may go to your goſſips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

SHE.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never ſhall I meet a man like you.

Tune, *Bright Aurelia.*

WITH every grace young *Strephon* choſe
His perſon to adorn,
That, by the beauties of his face,
In *Sylvia*'s love he might find place,
And wonder'd at her ſcorn.

With bows and ſmiles he did his part,
But oh! 'twas all in vain;
A youth leſs fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himſelf into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits *Strephon* preſs'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His love alone the other dreſs'd,
As verſe or proſe became it beſt,
And mov'd her ſoft deſire.

This found, his courtſhip *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his glaſs;
Therein himſelf now ſeeks amends,
Convinc'd, that where a wit pretends,
A beau is but an aſs.

WHEN

WHEN I was a young lad,
My fortune was bad;
If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder:
I ſpent all my means
On whores, bawds and queans:
Then I got a commiſſion to plunder.

The hat I have on
So greaſy is grown,
Remarkable 'tis for its ſhining:
'Tis ſtitch'd all about,
Without button or loop,
And never a bit of a lining.

The coat I have on,
So thread-bare is grown,
So out at the arm-pits and elbows,
That I look as abſurd
As a ſailor on board,
That has lain fifteen months in the bilbos.

My ſhirt it is tore
Both behind and before,
The colour is much like a cinder;
'Tis ſo thin and ſo fine,
That it is my deſign
To preſent it the muſes for tinder.

My blue fuſtian breeches
Is wore to the ſtitches,
My legs you may ſee what's between them;

My pockets all four,
I'm the ſon of a whore,
If there's ever one farthing within them.

I have ſtockings, 'tis true,
But the devil a ſhoe,
I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
Be damn'd the boot ſole,
Curſe on the ſpur-roll,
Confounded be the upper-leather.

Had ye but ſeen
The ſad plight I was in,
Ye'd not ſeen ſuch a poet amongſt twenty;
I've nothing that's full,
But my ſhirt and my ſcull,
For my pockets and belly are empty.
Fall all de rall, &c.

Tune, *Buſh aboon* Traquair.

AT ſetting day, and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.

Ther

There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

To the Tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow,*

I Have a green purſe, and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting on't;
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on:
To grace it, and trace it,
And gie me delight;
To bleſs me, and kiſs me,
And comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſauntring on't.

My *Chriſty* ſhe's charming and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are enchanting ſweet,
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gie deſpair:
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt, and deareſt,
Delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces
By heaven were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports, and bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting, ſweet.

For thee, bonny *Chriſty*, my ſhepherds and hinds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.
Then hear me, and chear me,
With ſmiling conſent,

Believe me, and give me
No cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou ſay, *content*,
I'm pleas'd with my *Jamie*, and he ſhall be mine.

BEFORE the urchin well could go,
She ſtole the whiteneſs of the ſnow;
And, more that whiteneſs to adorn,
She ſtole the bluſhes of the morn.
Stole all the ſweetneſs æther ſheds,
On primroſe buds and vi'let beds,
On primroſe buds, *&c.*

Still to conceal her artful wiles,
She ſtole the graces ſilken ſmiles;
She ſtole *Aurora*'s balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth;
The cherry dipt in morning dew,
Gave moiſture to her lips and hue.

Theſe were her infant ſpoils, a ſtore,
And ſhe in time ſtill pilfer'd more.
At twelve ſhe ſtole, from *Cyprus*' queen,
Her air, and love-commanding mien;
Stole *Juno*'s dignity, and ſtole
From *Pallas* ſenſe, to charm the ſoul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And next the beam that lights the day,
She ſung, amaz'd the *Syrens* heard,
And, to aſſert their voice, appear'd,
She play'd the muſes from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had ſtole their skill.

Great love approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day ſhe ſtole my heart;

If

If lovers, *Cupid*, are thy care,
Exert your vengeance on this fair,
To trial bring her ſtollen charms,
And let her priſon be my arms.

The CHRONICLE, *by Mr.* COWLEY.

Margarita firſt poſſeſt,
If I remember well, my breaſt,
Margarita firſt of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my reſtleſs heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous *Katharine*.
Beauteous *Katharine* gave place,
(Though loth and angry ſhe, to part
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To *Eliza*'s conqu'ring face.

Eliza 'till this hour might reign,
Had ſhe not evil counſels ta'en,
Fundamental laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new favourites ſhe choſe,
Till up in arms my paſſions roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle *Anne*,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they ſway'd,
And ſometimes *Mary* was the fair,
And ſometimes *Anne* the crown did wear,
And ſometimes both I obeyed.

Another *Mary* then aroſe,
And did rigorous laws impoſe,
A mighty tyrant ſhe!
Long, alas, ſhould I have been
Under that iron-ſcepter'd queen,
Had not *Rebecca* ſet me free.

When fair *Rebecca* ſet me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me,
But ſoon thoſe pleaſures fled,
For the gracious princeſs dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her ſtead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the ſov'reign pow'r,
Wond'rous beautiful her face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo *Suſanna* took her place.

But when *Iſabella* came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame,
And the artillery of her eye,
Whilſt ſhe proudly march'd about,
Greater conqueſts to find out,
She beat out *Suſan* by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed *Beſs*, her viceroy maid,
To whom enſu'd a vacancy.
Thouſand worſe paſſions then poſſeſt
The *inter-regnum* of my breaſt;
Bleſs me from ſuch an anarchy!

Gentle *Henrietta* then,
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Joan* and *Jean* and *Audria*,

And

And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The ſtrength and riches of their ſtate,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines.

If I ſhould tell the politick arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The letters, embaſſies and ſpies,
The frowns, and ſmiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberleſs, nameleſs myſteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By *Machiavel*, the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous ſhould grow,
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent empreſs does claim,
Eleonora firſt o'th' name,
Whom GOD grant long to reign.

COME all you young lovers who wan with deſpair,
Compoſe idle ſonnets, and ſigh for the fair,
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to ly in their arms;
Be wiſe by example, take pattern from me,
For let what will happen, by *Jove* I'll be free.
For let what will happen, *&c.*

Youn

When I in the net by young *Daphne* was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as cuſtom had taught,
I preſt her to bliſs, which ſhe granted full ſoon,
But the date of my paſſion expir'd with the moon.
She ſaid ſhe was ruin'd, I ſaid it might be,
I'm ſorrow my dear, but by *Jove*, &c.

The next was young *Phillis* as bright as the morn,
The love that I profer'd ſhe treated with ſcorn,
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handſome but ſuch as are kind.
Her pride and ill-nature were loſt upon me,
For, in ſpight of fair faces, by *Jove*, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noiſe,
Some chuſe to be hamper'd, it is a ſtrange rage,
And like birds they ſing beſt when confin'd in a cage;
Confinement's the Devil, 'twas ne'er made for me,
Let who will be ſlaves bound, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glaſs,
In a toaſt to the young and the beautiful laſs,
Who yielding and eaſy preſcribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover ſhould cool:
Let us bill like the ſparrow, and rove like the bee,
For, in ſpite of grave leſſons, by *Jove* I'll be free.

THE blytheſt bird that ſings in *May*,
Was ne'er more blythe, was ne'er more gay
Than I, ah well-a-day,
Than I, ah well-a-day.
Ere *Colin* yet had learnt to ſigh,
Or I to gueſs the reaſon why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day,
Oh love, ah well-a-day.

We

We kiſs'd, we toy'd, but neither knew
From whence theſe fond endearments grew,
Till he, *&c.*
By time and other ſwains made wiſe,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
And love, *&c.*

Kind nature now took *Colin*'s part,
My eyes inform'd againſt my heart,
My heart, *&c.*
Straight glow'd with thrilling ſympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle ſigh,
Each ſigh, *&c.*

Can love, alas, by words be ſhown,
He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
While I, ah well-a-day, *&c.*
In ſilence bluſh'd a fond reply,
Can ſhe, who truly loves, deny,
Ah no, ah well-a-day, *&c.*

Tune, *Mary Scot.*

'TWAS ſummer, and the day was fair,
Reſolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting ſorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of *Yarrow*!
Till then deſpiſing beauty's pow'r,
I kept my heart, my own ſecure;
But *Cupid*'s art did there deceive me,
And *Mary*'s charms do now enſlave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive!
No ranſom take for *Mary*'s ſlave?
Her frowns of reſt and hope deprive me;
Her lovely ſmiles like light revive me.

No

No bondage may with mine compare,
Since firſt I ſaw this charming fair;
This beauteous flower, this roſe of *Yarrow*,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one requeſt,
I'd ask to ly in *Mary*'s breaſt;
There would I live or die with pleaſure,
Nor ſpare this world one moment's leiſure;
Deſpiſing kings, and all that's great,
I'd ſmile at courts, and courtiers fate;
My joy complete on ſuch a marrow,
I'd dwell with her and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' ſuch bliſs I ne'er ſhould gain,
Contented ſtill I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For, leaving life, I'll always love her.
What doubts diſtract a lover's mind?
That breaſt, all ſoftneſs, muſt prove kind;
And ſhe ſhall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous roſe of *Yarrow*.

Tune, *Sweet are the Charms of her I love,*

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern cloud was edg'd with gold;
The ſky was clear, the winds were ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold:
When, in the ſilence of a grove,
Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of love.
When, in the, &c.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the hard rock, or oozy beach;
Who from each weed, that barren grows,
Expects the Grape, or downy peach,

With

With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in women-kind.
With equal faith, &c.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain;
Nor meadows green, nor gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.
Then all in vain, &c.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought and sold!
They ask no vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold:
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove----
Thus I am scorn'd----who have but love.
Gold can the frowns, &c.

To buy the gems of *India*'s coast,
What wealth, what riches can suffice?
Yet *India*'s shore could never boast
The living lustre of her eyes;
For there the world too cheap must prove,
Can I then buy----who have but love?
For there the world, &c.

Oh, *Sylvia*, since nor gems, nor ore,
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just as fair, and value more
Than gems and ore a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.
Let treasure, &c.

Mr. GAY.

By NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

DEſpairing beſide a clear ſtream
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid,
And, while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was;
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bleſt her dear tongue;
When ſhe ſmil'd, 'twas a pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd, and cry'd, when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown;
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant wou'd prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muſes my temples have crown'd;
What tho' when they hear my ſoft ſtrain,
The virgins ſit weeping around.
Ah *Colin!* thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign;
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſick is ſweeter than thine.

All

All you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid.
Tho' through the wide world I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and change,
Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If, while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low in the ground.
The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſhed me with cypreſs and yew;
And, when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own, that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolick it all the long day:
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of, or ſeen;
Unleſs when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

ANSWER.

YE winds to whom *Colin* complains,
In ditties ſo ſad and ſo ſweet,
Believe me the ſhepherd but feigns,
He's wretched to ſhow he has wit:
No charmer like *Colin* can move,
And this is ſome pretty new art;
Ah! *Colin*'s a jugler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When he will, he can figh and look pale,
Seem doleful, and alter his face;
Can tremble and alter his tale;
Ah! *Colin* has every pace:
The willow my rover prefers,
To the breaſt where he once begg'd to ly,
And the ſtreams, that he ſwells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond boſom wou'd bear,
And my heart wou'd ſoon beat him to reſt;
Let the ſwain that is ſlighted deſpair;
But *Colin* is only in jeſt:
No death the deceiver deſigns,
Let the maid that is ruin'd deſpair;
For *Colin* but dies in his lines,
And gives himſelf that modiſh air.

Can ſhepherds, bred far from the court,
So wittily talk of their flame:
Ah! *Colin* makes paſſion his ſport;
Beware of ſo fatal a game:
My voice of no muſick can boaſt,
Nor my perſon of ought that is fine;
But *Colin* may find, to his coſt,
A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my ſheep,
And die in the much favour'd brook,
Where *Colin* does now ſit and weep:
Then mourn the ſad fate that you gave,
In ſonnets ſo ſmooth and divine;
Perhaps I may riſe from my grave,
To hear ſuch ſoft muſick as thine.

Of the violet, daiſy and roſe,
The hearts-eaſe, the lilly and pink,

Let

Let thy fingers a garland compoſe,
And crown'd with the rivulet's brink :
How oft, my dear ſwain, did I ſwear ?
How much my fond ſoul did admire
Thy verſes, thy ſhape, and thy air,
Tho' deckt in thy rural attire.

Your ſheep-hook you rul'd with ſuch art,
That all your ſmall ſubjects obey'd ;
And ſtill you reign'd king of this heart,
Whoſe paſſion you falſely upbraid :
How often, my ſwain, have I ſaid,
That thy arms were a palace to me ?
And how well I could live in a ſhade,
Tho' adorn'd with nothing but thee ?

Oh ! what are the ſparks of the town,
Tho' never ſo fine and ſo gay !
I freely wou'd leave beds of down,
For thy breaſt, and a bed of new hay :
Then *Colin* return once again,
Again make me happy in love ;
Let me find thee a faithful true ſwain,
And as conſtant a nymph I will prove.

Tune, *Tweed Side.*

REſtrain'd from the ſight of my dear,
No object with pleaſure I ſee,
Tho' thouſands around me appear,
The world's but a deſart to me ;
Ev'ry morning her charms to ſurvey,
Sol's abſence I'd gladly excuſe ;
'Tis her eyes that reſtore me the day,
'Tis night when their luſtre I loſe.

In vain are the verdures of spring,
The fields dress'd so bloomingly gay,
The birds that delightfully sing,
Delight not when *Celia*'s away:
O! give the dear nymph to my arms,
And the seasons unheeded may roll;
Her presence like midsummer warms,
Her absence outfreezes the pole.

Reclin'd by soft murmuring streams,
I, weeping, disburthen my care;
I tell to the rocks my fond themes,
Whose echoes but soothe my despair:
Ye streams, that soft murmuring flow,
Convey to my love ev'ry tear;
Ye rocks, that resound with my woe,
Repeat my complaints in her ear.

O tell her I languishing ly,
In the midst of life's vgiorous bloom,
That 'tis only herself can supply
The cure that retrieves from the tomb:
And if the dear charmer shall deign
To equal my amorous fire,
That moment will ease all my pain,
New life and new pleasure inspire.

YE gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
T'obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

CH. COFFEE.

From

From the Spectator, Vol. VI.

BElinda, see, from yonder flowers,
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in show or smell?

So, tho' I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spight of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly wou'd starve.

Burlesque Imitation of Colin's *Complaint.*

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion so hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his desire;
A kettle supported his head.
The hogs that were fed by the house,
To his sigh with a grunt did reply;
And the gutter, that car'd not a louse,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water and wish,
I think it had better been fry'd;
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair:
O! might I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lyes there.

How

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a clown,
Or that it would have a reprieve
From the dainty fine folks of the town.
Could I think that a pudding ſo fine
Would ever uneaten remove:
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a kitchen on love.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought,
Where puddings we boil and we fry,
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by.
Ah, *Colin!* thou muſt not be firſt,
Thy knife and thy trencher reſign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her turn is ſooner than mine.

All you my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a pudding to rail;
Tho' I ſhould through all the rooms rove,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to go;
'Tis its fate to be eaten above,
'Tis mine ſtill to want it below.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In your breaſts any pity be found,
Ye ſervants that earlieſt dine,
Come ſee how I ly on the ground:
Then hang up a pan and a pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my lot,
Poor *Colin* lov'd pudding too well.

Then back to your meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your diſhes ſo prim,

Where ſauce in the middle does flow,
And flowers are ſtrew'd round the brim:
Whilſt *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
By the hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round moon,
He thinks on a pudding above.

By the late Lord Binning.

DID ever ſwain a nymph adore
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do!
Was ever ſhepherd's heart ſo ſore?
Was ever broken heart ſo true?
My eyes are ſwell'd with tears, but ſhe
Has never ſhed a tear for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did *Robin* ſtay,
Or linger when ſhe bid me run?
She only had the word to ſay,
And all ſhe ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her, but ſhe
Would ne'er beſtow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taſte,
Have I not roſe by break of day?
When did her heifers ever faſt,
If *Robin* in his yard had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her!

If *Nanny* ever loſt a ſheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
Did not her lambs in ſafety ſleep
Within my folds in froſt and ſnow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But *Nanny* ſtill is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard-trees,
The ripeſt fruit was kept for *Nan*,

Oh

Oh how thoſe hands, that drown'd her bees,
Were ſtung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as ſweet could be,
But *Nanny* ne'er look'd ſweet on me.

If *Nanny* to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were I brought them home:
Her corn I carried to the mill.
My back did bear her ſacks, but ſhe
Would never bear the ſight of me.

To *Nanny*'s poultry oats I gave;
I'm ſure they always had the beſt:
Within this week her pigeons have
Ate up a peck of peaſe at leaſt.
Her little pigeons kiſs, but ſhe
Would never take a kiſs from me.

Muſt *Robin* always *Nanny* woo,
And *Nanny* ſtill on *Robin* frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what ſhall I do,
If *Nanny* does not love me ſoon?
If no relief to me ſhe'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-ſtring.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall,
Which ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen and hall.
No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at night he could purchaſe a jug of brown nappy;
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too! moſt ſweet,

Saying,

Saying, juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet:
Derry down, &c.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau;
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart:
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble part:
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright, when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way:
Derry down, &c.

He ſung her love-ſongs, as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a *Jew* or a *Turk*:
Whenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair:
Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body, inſtead of the ſole;
So the cobler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll:
Derry down, &c.

And now, in good will, I adviſe, as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find, by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt.
Derry down, &c.

Tune, *To all you Ladies now at Land.*

TO you fair ladies, now in town,
We country-men do write;
And do invite you to come down,
To taſte of our delight;
The weather's fine, the fields are gay, And

And 'tis the pleaſant month of *May*.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

The country's now in all its pride,
New dreſt in lovely green;
The earth, with various colours dy'd,
Diſplays a lovely ſcene:
A thouſand pretty flow'rs appear,
To deck your boſom and your hair.
Fa, la, &c.

The cuckow's pick't up all the dirt;
The trees are all in bloom;
If rural muſick can divert,
Each buſh affords a tune:
The turtle's heard in ev'ry grove,
And milk-maids ſing their ſongs of love.
Fa, la, &c.

Could we perſuade you to come down,
Our joys would be compleat;
Dear ladies, leave the noiſy town,
And to our ſhades retreat:
Would you but in our ſhades appear,
You'd make our fields eliſium here.
Fa, la, &c.

We'll ſhew you all our cowſlip-meads,
And pleaſant woods and ſprings;
And lead you to the tuneful ſhades,
Where *Philomela* ſings:
Sweet *Philomel*, whoſe warbling throat
Excels your *Seneſino*'s note.
Fa, la, &c.

For you we deck and trim our bowers,
And make our gardens fine,
For you preſerve our choiceſt flowers,
That now are in their prime:

The

The murmuring brooks accuſe your ſtay,
And *Zephyrs* ſigh for your delay.
Fa, la, &c.

Come then, and take your morning air,
Juſt roſe from flow'ry beds;
'Tis better than your ſnuff by far,
And all perfumes exceeds:
Our evening walks more pleaſures bring
Than the gay park, and crowded ring.
Fa, la, &c.

For your own ſakes, if not for ours,
The duſty town forego;
Freſh air will give your eyes new pow'rs,
And make each beauty glow:
'Twill to the lilly add the roſe,
And ev'ry brighter charm diſcloſe.
Fa, la, &c.

IN good king *CHARLES*'s golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in't,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And ſo I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miſt,
Kings are by GOD appointed;
And thoſe are damn'd that do reſiſt,
And touch the LORD's anointed.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Untill my dying day, ſir,
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, *ſir,*

When royal *JAMES* obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in faſhion,

The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The church of *Rome* I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When *WILLIAM* was our king declar'd,
To eaſe the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance,
Paſſive-obedience was a joke,
And piſs was non-reſiſtance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious *ANNE* aſcends the throne,
The church of *England*'s glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a tory:
Occaſional-conformiſts baſe
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When *GEORGE* in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, ſir;
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And then became a whig, ſir;
And ſo preferment I procur'd,
By our own faith's defender;
And always every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' il-

Th' illuſtrious houſe of *HANOVER*,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion,
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear,
While they can keep poſſeſſion;
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
And *George* my lawful king ſhall be,
Untill the times ſhall alter.
And this is law, I will maintain,
Untill my dying day, ſir,
That whatſoever king ſhall reign,
I will be vicar of Bray, *ſir.*

Tune, *Laſt time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes,
As I ae morning ſleeping lay,
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young *Jamie*, whisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But, with a frown, my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him:
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
An angry paſſion feigning,

I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my ſins
Ne'er haf ſae fair repented. *Z. O.*

Tune, Greenwood *Tree*.

OF all the things beneath the ſun,
To love's the greateſt curſe;
If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
If not, 'tis ten times worſe.
Poor *Adam*, by his wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd ſome years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his ſons were ſo.

Lovers the ſtrangeſt fools are made,
When they their nymphs purſue,
Which they will ne'er believe till wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true,
They beg, they pray, and they adore,
Till weary'd out of life;
And pray, what's all this trouble for?
Why truly for a wife.

How odd a thing's a whining ſot,
Who ſighs in greateſt need,
For that, which ſoon as ever got,
Does make him ſigh indeed.
Each maid's an angel, whilſt ſhe's woo'd,
But when the wooing's done,
The wife, inſtead of fleſh and blood,
Proves nothing but a bone.

Ills, more or leſs, in human life,
No mortal man can ſhun ;
But when a man has got a wife,
He has them all in one.
The liver of *Prometheus*
A gnawing vulture fed ;
A fable, that the thing was thus,
The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
Was *Tantalus*'s curſe ;
The apples which did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a divorce.
Let no fool dream, that to his ſhare,
A better wife will fall ;
They're all the ſame, faith, to a hair,
For they are women all.

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the ſtocks,
That they would let him in.
Yet for a lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating phiz ;
Though other looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More joys a glaſs of wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainſays)
Than all the wenches ſprung from *Eve*
E'er gave in all their days.
But come, to lovers here's a glaſs,
God wot, they need no curſe :
Each wiſhes he may wed his laſs,
No ſoul can wiſh him worſe,

The Tippling Philoſophers.

DIOGENES ſurly and proud,
Who ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Becauſe in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchaſe a flask,
He choſe for his manſion a tub,
And liv'd by the ſcent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his cuſtom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple, and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was ſtor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe *Solon*, who carefully gave
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the rich *Crœſus* a ſlave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But, drinking, much talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the cuſtom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo wiſe:
Late hours he moſt certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
Such a damnable ſcold of a wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wiſe o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miſer at home;
And, to ſhew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the laſt, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did ſilence enjoin
On his pupils, who wiſdom would ſeek,
Becauſe that he tippled good wine,
'Till himſelf was unable to ſpeak;
And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful bowls,
By the ſtrength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd tranſmigration of ſouls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine,

And what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine:
His belly, as moſt writers agree,
Was big as a watering trough;
He therefore leapt into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, poets, or kings. *M. S.*

Tune, John Anderſon *my Jo.*

WE all to conquering beauty bow,
Its pleaſing powers admire;
But I ne'er ſaw that face till now,
That like yours could inſpire:
Now, I may ſay, I've met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the ſun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft as the tender moving ſighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets wiſe,
And like blown roſes ſweet;
Majeſtick, gay, reſerv'd, yet free,
Each happy night a bride;
A mein like awful majeſty,
And yet no ſpark of pride.

The patriarch, to gain a wife,
Chaſte, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
If beauty would award ſuch care,
And life ſo long could ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would ſeem but as one day.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
When, from jealous parents free,
All attend at *Chloe*'s dwelling,
Sweet engaging company!
There, no peeviſh age moleſting,
We purſue our youthful joys,
Muſick, dancing, harmleſs jeſting,
Such delight as rarely cloys.

If for dance we are preparing,
Then 'tis, "Partner, why ſo ſad?
"Let's be brisk, and caſt off caring;
"Tune away the *Highland* lad."
Now methinks I ſee't performing:
How the limbs from pavement bound!
Vital ſpirits ſweetly warming,
Echo yielding back the ſound.

All conſenting, ſports we vary;
Dear variety is beſt:
Some tell fortunes-----who's to marry;
Still returning jeſt for jeſt;
Then, with ale as brown as berry,
Or a glaſs of gen'rous wine,
Toaſting, ſinging, making merry,
Ah! what bliſs! almoſt divine!

Shades

Shades of night at length retreating,
Sol appearing o'er the hills,
We (each other kindly greeting)
Part, tho' ſore againſt our wills.
But, as ſuch is mortals folly,
That long ſolitude gives pain,
We (to baniſh melancholy)
Fix a time, and meet again.

Tune, *The yellow hair'd Laddie.*

WITH an honeſt old friend, and a merry old ſong,
And a flask of old port, let me ſit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig porter, whilſt I can drink wine,

I envy no mortal, though ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a curſe,
Is poorneſs of ſpirit, not poorneſs in purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs and gay,
Let's merrily paſs life's remainder away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may deſpiſe,
For, the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

H. CAREY.

Tune, *Of all the Toaſts, &c.*

OF *Anna*'s charms let others tell,
Or bright *Eliza*'s beauty;
My ſong ſhall be of *Blouzabel*,
To ſing of her's my duty.

The

The fair, who, arm'd with *Cupid*'s darts,
His flames, and other matters,
Is all around behung with hearts,
As beggars are with tatters.

To laviſh nature much ſhe owes,
And much to education;
The girls and boys, and belles and beaus,
Are ſtruck with admiration:
For blended in her cheek their lyes
The carrot and the turnip;
And who beholds her blazing eyes,
His very heart they burn up.

Her dainty hands are red and blue,
Her teeth all black and yellow;
Her curling hair of ſaffron hue,
Her lips like any tallow.
Her voice ſo loud, and eke ſo ſhrill,
Far off it is admir'd;
Her tongue,------which never yet lay ſtill,
And yet was never tir'd.

Ten thouſand wonders riſe to view,
All o'er the lovely creature,
The pearly ſweat, like morning dew,
Gilds every ſhining feature.
As *Iſaac* of his *Eſau* ſaid,
She like a forreſt ſavours:
Thrice happy man for whom the maid
Reſerves her hidden favours.

O *Blouzabel*! for thee we pant,
To thee our hopes aſpire;
For thou haſt all which lovers want,
To quench their raging fire.

Then

Then kindly take us to thy arms,
And in compaſſion ſave us,
From *Anna*'s and *Eliza*'s charms,
Which cruelly enſlave us.

Mr. BAKER.

HOW happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs,
Who would not be greater, nor fears to be leſs?
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all duſty and whit'n'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far,
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho his hands are ſo daub'd, they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean,
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if then a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other mens ſacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.
Who borrow as freely, &c.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate;
In this too he mimicks the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does ly,

Then

Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing;
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
If ſo happy a miller, &c.

By Mr. PARNELL.

MY days have been ſo wond'rous free:
The little birds that fly,
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſt as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream;
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a ſigh to them.

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fixt upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breaſt
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely *Nanſy* ſtands confeſt,
The fav'rite of my ſoul.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines,
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye cloſe retreats of love;

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair;

And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mixt with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

By Lord LANSDOWN.

THoughtful nights, and reſtleſs waking,
O the pains that we endure!
Broken faith, unkind forſaking,
Ever doubting, never ſure.
Hopes deceiving, vain endeavours,
What a race has love to run!
Falſe proteſting, fleeting favours,
Ev'ry, ev'ry way, undone.
Still complaining, and defending,
Both to love, yet not agree,
Fears tormenting, paſſion rending,
O the pangs of jealouſie!
From ſuch painful ways of living,
Ah how ſweet, cou'd love be free!
Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
Fierce, immortal eccſtaſie.

Tune, *Banks of* Forth.

THO' now, my *Celia*, we muſt part,
Still with thee ſhall I leave my heart:
Where'er I go, whate'er I be,
I never ſhall loſe ſight of thee.
No time ſhall blot thee from my mind,
No place ſhall leave thy form behind.

If

If in my room I ſit retir'd,
I there ſhall with thy ſhape be fir'd :
If to the groves I ſad repair,
Thy image ſhall o'ertake me there :
When in my garden I ſhall be,
There ev'ry flower ſhall point to thee.
When ſleep ſhall all my ſenſes bind,
Thee ever in my dreams I'll find.
Thou ſhalt, when life is almoſt fled,
Mix with the angels round my bed :
And when theſe guardian powers convey
Me far from hence, not long I'll ſtay.
Oft I'll deſcend a form unſeen,
Oft I ſhall join thee on the green :
Thy griefs, thy troubles, I'll controul,
With joys unknown, I'll fill thy ſoul :
And when thou muſt no longer ſtay
On earth, I'll bear thee glad away.
Together up to heaven we'll dart,
There never, never more to part.

Tune, *I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?
At once I love, at once adore :
With wonder are my thoughts poſſeſt,
While ſofteſt love inſpires my breaſt.
This tender look, theſe eyes of mine,
Confeſs their am'rous maſter thine :
Theſe eyes with *Strephon*'s paſſion play,
Firſt make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine

Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou can'st give bliss, or bliss destroy:
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone,
But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

L.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft'times heard her say,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon*'s cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! *the cause of my mourning.*
But first, said she, let me go
Down to the shades below,
E'er ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him so:
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;

But

But finding her breathleſs, oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! *the cauſe of my mourning.*
Reſtore me my *Chloris*, ye nymphs, uſe your art,
They ſighing, reply'd, 'twas yourſelf ſhot the dart
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with mourning.*
Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid,
Down to the ſilent ſhade,
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with mourning.*

X.

Tune, *My Apron Deary.*

AH *Chloe!* thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt,
I fly to the grove, there to languiſh and mourn,
There ſigh for my charmer, and long to return;
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain——my *Chloe*'s away:
The fields and the groves can afford me no eaſe,
But bring me my *Chloe*, a deſart will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee that my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye;
Theſe are not the looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.
Theſe looks where bright love, like the ſun, ſits enthron'd,
And ſmiling diffuſes his influence round,
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee my charmer, amaz'd;
Gaz'd at thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight;
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair,
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My *Chloe*'s ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
O! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

R.

IN *April*, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and inchanting a ſound,
That *Sylvans* and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young *Madie* be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But *Suſie* is handſome, and ſweetly can ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That *Madie*, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But *Suſie* is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his miſtreſs ſhould be.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me: Now

Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, untill thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, you dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my ſell.

Then ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Tune, John Anderſon *my Jo*.

WHAT means this niceneſs now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?
Such diſtance may conſiſt with ſtate,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or diſdain
That does ſuch ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'f that art:

For

For, if you chance a look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I lo'ed yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky een,
Soon gar'd my fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy*'s hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a *May* morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waſte and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary*'s locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;

Our

Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

The Gaberlunzie-man, by King JAMES V.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
Will ye lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My daughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa together were ſay'n,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe awee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane,
Upon the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhes gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, wal-a-day,
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that could be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae but the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gade where the daughter lay,
The ſheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O ſy gar ride, and ſy gar rin,
And haſte ye, find theſe traytors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd nae gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,

The twa, with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her mou,
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na lear'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing. I.

AH! why thoſe tears in *Nelly*'s eyes;
To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the skies,
Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
Or ſome divinity.

O be

O be leſs graceful, or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Caus'd by the boy ſevere and blind;
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height by *Hymen*'s tyes,
To lay me down where *Helen* lyes,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love, and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign cure is by?
No; ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be,
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes,
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

Lovely Phillis.

MY fair, ye ſwains, is gone aſtray,
The little wanderer loſt her way
In gathering flowers t'other day,
Poor *Phillis*, poor *Phillis*, poor lovely *Phillis*.
Ah! lead her home ye gentle ſwains,
Who know an abſent lover's pains,
And bring me ſafely o'er the plains,
My *Phillis*, my *Phillis*, my lovely *Phillis*.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind,
And if you'll be ſo juſt and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My *Phillis*.
Whene'er a charming form you ſee,
Serenely grave, ſedately free,
And mildly gay, it muſt be ſhe,
'Tis *Phillis*.

Not

Not wholly bare, nor half undreſt,
But under covert lightly preſt,
In ſecret plays the little breaſt
Of *Phillis*.
When ſuch a heavenly voice you hear,
As makes you think a *Dryad* near,
Ah! ſeize her, and bring home my dear,
'Tis *Phillis*.

The nymph, whoſe perſon void of art,
Has ev'ry grace in ev'ry part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmleſs heart,
Is *Phillis*.
Whoſe teeth are like an ivory row,
Whoſe skin is like the cleareſt ſnow,
Whoſe face like nothing that I know,
Is *Phillis*.

But reſt my ſoul, and bleſs your fate,
The gods who form'd a piece ſo neat,
So juſt, exact, and ſo compleat,
As *Phillis*.
Proud of their art in ſuch a flower,
Which ſo exemplifies their power,
Will guard in every dangerous hour
My *Phillis*.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy,
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,
You like me, may cares defy;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms and drunken joys,
I have pleasures more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than fools can know,
More than fortune can bestow,
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithless hearts,
Tell the wretch who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow,
Wealth of worlds and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

ANSWER.

ASK thou silly dotard man,
Whence our ruin first began,
How our grief and deadly woe,
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Cou'd we shun this enemy,
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity
Man enjoy'd; how blest was he,
Nought could his repose invade,
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as ſhe receiv'd her breath,
Man was ſubject unto death.
Other evils to their ſhame,
From deceitful woman came.

Ask what ills befell old *Troy*,
Which falſe *Helen* did deſtroy,
Of the tender bridegrooms who,
Were by women; women ſlew.

How the brave *Mark Anthony*,
Loſt the world by faithleſs ſhe.
Ruin'd ſtates, loſt crowns and kings,
From vain woman, woman ſprings.

WHAT joys the happy pair await,
In *Hymen*'s roſy fetters bound,
When, in the ſoft connubial ſtate,
The lover in the husband's found.

'Tis female ſweetneſs gives us joy,
Thro' ev'ry vary'd ſcene of life,
And marriage raptures never cloy
Indulgent from a virtuous wife.

DUETTO.

Thus ever renewing embraces,
A circle of pleaſures we'll prove;
No time thoſe endearments effaces
Which are founded on virtue and love.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the god of love I ſue,
Gentle *Cupid*, pray diſarm her,
Cupid if you love me, do:

Of a thouſand ſweets bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, and eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and paſſion,
Still in ev'ry breaſt will move,
More is ſupererogation,
Meer idolatry of love:
You may dreſs a world of *Chloes*
In the beauties ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no foe is
To your altars, or the fair.

Fooliſh mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry *Cupid* made reply,
Do *Florella*'s charms diſpleaſe you,
Die then, fooliſh mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating ſtore;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thouſand beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a lover's care;
Juſtly then you'd pray that pow'r
Shou'd be taken from the fair;
But tho' I ſpread a blemiſh o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find;
Still, fond ſhepherd, you'll adore her
For the beauties of her mind.

HOW happy ſeems that ruſtic boy,
Who playing keeps the kine;
Pleaſure is all his ſweet employ,
No cares his minutes join.

His

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate;
See the birds of *Juno* ſtooping:
Melody reſigns to fate.

By Mr. THOMSON.

WHEN *Britain* firſt, at heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain:
"*Rule*, Britannia, Britannia *rule the waves*,
"Britons *never will be ſlaves*.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke,
As the loud blaſt, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouze thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.
Rule, &c.

The

The Muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair ;
Bleſt iſle! with beauty matchleſs crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, &c.

I Have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
Theſe many and many a year ;
And theſe are plagues enough I ſhou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt ;
And tho' I have ſtruggled and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain :
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets ;
And my miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again :
Then, then, ſhall I fall to my loving and drinking again.

CUſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the great,
Make oaths eaſy potions to ſleep on ;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one.
For an oath's ſeldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
A lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name ;
A lawyer to truth, or a ſtateſman from blame,
Or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

OF all the torment, all the care,
By which our lives are curſt,
Of all the ſorrows that we bear,
A rival is the worſt.
By partners in another kind
Afflictions eaſier grow,
In love alone we hate to find
Companions in our woe.

Sylvia, for all the griefs you ſee
Ariſing in my breaſt,
I beg not that you'd pity me,
Would you but ſlight the reſt.
Howe'er ſevere your rigours are,
Alone with them I'd cope,
I can endure my own deſpair,
But not another's hope.

DEar *Colin*, prevent my warm bluſhes,
For how can I ſpeak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you their wiſhes:
Oh! can't you the meaning explain?
My paſſion wou'd loſe by expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then pray don't expect a confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of ſpeaking,
How can you expect it from me?
Our wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhou'd be.
Then quickly why don't you diſcover?
Did your heart feel ſuch tortures as mine,
I need not tell over and over
What I in my boſom confine.

REPLY.

REPLY.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
A man muſt needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a ſhilling
For one that can love without rule.
At leaſt you ſhou'd wait for our offers,
Not ſnatch like old maids in deſpair;
Had you liv'd to theſe years without proffers,
Your ſighs were all ſpent in the air.

You ſhou'd leave us to gueſs by your bluſhing,
And not tell the matter ſo plain;
'Tis ours to be writing and puſhing,
And yours to affect a diſdain.
But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond oglings I ſee;
The fruit that can fall without ſhaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
I can behold with love?
To ſhun your ſcorn, and eaſe my care,
I ſeek a nymph more kind:
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentler uſage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So

So reſtleſs exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity every where;
Yet languiſh for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

GOD proſper long our noble king,
Our lives and ſafeties all:
A woful hunting once there did
In *Chevy-chace* befal.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl *Piercy* took his way:
The child may rue that was unborn
The hunting of that day.

The ſtout earl of *Northumberland*
A vow to GOD did make,
His pleaſure in the *Scottiſh* woods,
Three ſummer days to take;

The choiceſt harts of *Chevy-chace*
To kill and bear away.
Theſe tidings to earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland* where he lay,

Who ſent earl *Piercy* preſent word,
He would prevent the ſport;
The *Engliſh* earl, not fearing him,
Did to the woods reſort,

With twenty hundred bow-men bold,
All choſen men of might:
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their ſhafts aright.

The gallant grey-hounds ſwiftly ran,
To chace the fallow deer,

On *Monday* they began to hunt
When day-light did appear;
And, long before high noon, they had
An hundred fat bucks slain:
Then, having din'd, the rovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hill,
Well able to endure,
Their back-sides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood,
The nimble deer to take,
And, with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Earl *Piercy* to the quarry went,
To view the fallow deer,
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
This day to meet me here;

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman,
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo, yonder doth lord *Douglas* come!
His men, in armour bright,
Full fifteen hundred *Scottish* spears
All marching in our sight;

All pleasant men of *Teviotdale*,
Dwell by the river *Tweed*:
Then cease your sport, earl *Piercy* said,
And take your bows with speed;

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage to advance,
For there was ne'er a champion yet,
In *Scotland*, or in *France*,

That

+ All men of pleasant Teviotdale
Dwell by the river Tweed.

That ever did on horſeback come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter, man for man,
With him to break a ſpear.

Lord *Douglas* on a milk-white ſteed,
Moſt like a baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the company,
Whoſe armour ſhone like gold.

Show me, ſaid he, whoſe men you be
That hunt ſo boldly here;
That, without my conſent, do chace
And kill my fallow deer.

The firſt man that did anſwer make,
Was noble *Piercy* he,
Who ſaid, We liſt not to declare
Nor ſhow whoſe men we be,

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt blood,
The choiceſt harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn oath,
And thus in rage did ſay:

E'er thus I will outbraved be,
One of us two ſhall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy* ſo am I;

But truſt me, *Piercy*, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill:

Let me and thee the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurſt be he, ſaid earl *Piercy*,
By whom this is denied.

Then ſtept a gallant ſquire forth,
Withrington by name :
Who ſaid, he would not have it told
To *Henry* his king, for ſhame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on.
You be two earls, ſaid *Withrington*,
And I a ſquire alone ;

I'll do the beſt that I may do,
While I have power to ſtand :
While I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *Scottiſh* archers bent their bows
Their hearts were good and true ;
At the firſt flight of arrows bent,
They four ſcore *Engliſh* ſlew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Douglas bade on the bent :
A captain mov'd with meikle pride,
The ſpears in ſhivers went.

They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O ! but it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
All ſcatter'd here and there !

At laſt thir two ſtout earls did meet,
Like chiftains of great might,
Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,
They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temper'd ſteel,

Until

Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trinkling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By *James* our *Scottiſh* king:

Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the moſt couragious knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, *Douglas*, quoth lord *Piercy* then,
Thy proffer I do ſcorn,
I will not yield to any *Scot*
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an *Engliſh* bow,
Which ſtruck lord *Douglas* to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord *Piercy* ſees me fall.

Then leaving life, lord *Piercy* took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Lord *Douglas*, for thy life,
Would I had loſt my land.

O! but my very heart doth bleed,
With ſorrow for thy ſake!
For ſure a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.

A knight among the *Scots* there was
Which ſaw earl *Douglas* die,

Who ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl *Piercy*.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* he was call'd,
Who, with a ſpear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight:

He paſt the *Engliſh* archers all,
Without or dread or fear,
And through earl *Piercy*'s body then
He thruſt his hateful ſpear.

With ſuch a vehement force and might
His body he did gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An *Engliſh* archer then perceiv'd
His noble lord was ſlain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard's length,
Unto the head drew he:

Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgom'ry* then
So right his ſhaft he ſet,
The grey gooſe wings that were therein
In his heart's blood were wet.

The fight did laſt from break of day,
Till ſetting of the ſun:
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.

With the lord *Piercy*, there was ſlain
Sir *John* of *Oggerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold baron;

Sir *George*, and alſo good ſir *Hugh*,
Both knights of good account:
Good ſir *Ralph Raby* there was ſlain,
Whoſe proweſs did ſurmount.

For *Withrington* I needs muſt wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs was ſmitten off
He fought ſtill on the ſtumps.

And, with earl *Douglas*, there was ſlain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Murray*, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir *Charles Murray* of *Ratcliff* too,
His ſiſter's ſon was he;
Sir *David Lamb* ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

And the lord *Maxwell* in likewiſe
Did with earl *Douglas* die:
Of fifteen hundred *Scottiſh* ſpears
Went home but fifty three.

Of twenty hundred *Engliſh* men,
Scarce fifty five did flee,
The reſt were ſlain at *Chevy-chace*,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They waſh'd their wounds in briniſh tears,
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They carried them away;
They kiſs'd them dead a thouſand times,
When they were cold as clay.
The news were brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland*'s king did reign,

That

That brave earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
Was with an arrow ſlain.

Now GOD be with him, ſaid our king,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have, in my realm,
Five hundred, good as he.

Like tidings to king *Henry* came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was ſlain at *Chevy-chace*.

O heavy news! king *Henry* ſaid,
England can witneſs be,
I have not any captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.

Now of the reſt, of ſmall account,
Did many hundred die:
Thus ends the hunt of *Chevy-chace*,
Made by the earl *Piercy*.

GOD ſave the king, and bliſs the land
With plenty, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth, that foul debates
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe.

Imitated by the Duke of WHARTON.

GOD proſper long from being broke
The * *Luck* of *Eden-hall*,
A doleful drinking-bout I ſing,
There lately did befal.

To chace the ſpleen with cup and cann,
Duke *Philip* took his way:

Babes

* *A Pint Bumper at Sir* Chriſtopher Muſgrave's.

Babes yet unborn ſhall never ſee
Such drinking as that day.

The ſtout and ever-thirſty duke
A vow to GOD did make,
His pleaſure within *Cumberland*
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir *Muſgrave* too of *Martindale*,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftſoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers ſwiftly paſs about,
Six a hand went round;
And, with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall reſound.

Now when theſe merry tidings reach'd
The earl of *Harold*'s ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an oath)
Thus ſlighted by my peers?

Saddle my ſteed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick,
And maſter ſheriff come you too,
We'll know this ſcurvy trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl *Harold* come,
(Did one at table ſay;)
'Tis well, reply'd the mettle duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the earl began, Great duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me; ſure this
You did not learn in *France*?

One of us two for this offence,
Under the board ſhall ly;

I know thee well, a duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

But trust me, *Wharton*, pity 'twere,
So much good wine to spill,
As these companions here may drink,
Ere they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide.
Accurs'd be he, duke *Wharton* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotham* fair,
Many a pint went round,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay spewing on the ground.

When, at the last, the duke espy'd
He had the earl secure;
He ply'd him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

Then, with a groan, duke *Philip* held
The sick man by the joint,
And said, Earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee,
Would I had drank this pint.

Alack! my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink;
For surely a more sober earl
Did never swallow drink.

With that the sheriff, in a rage,
To see the earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer
Upon renown'd sir *Kit*.

Then

Then ſtept a gallant 'ſquire forh,
Of viſage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his name, and of *Gang-hall*,
Faſt by the river *Twale*.

Who ſaid, he would not have it told
Where *Eden* river ran,
That unconcern'd he ſhould ſit by;
So, ſheriff, I'm your man.

Now when theſe tidings reach'd the room
Where the duke lay in bed,
How that his 'ſquire ſuddenly
Upon the floor was laid.

O heavy tidings! (quoth the duke)
Cumberland witneſs be,
I have not any captain more
Of ſuch account as he.

Like tidings to earl *Thanet* came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
How that the under-ſheriff too
Was fallen from his place,

Now GOD be with him, (ſaid the earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my town
As drunken knights as he.

Of all the number that were there
Sir *Bains* he ſcorn'd to yield;
But with a bumper in his hand
He ſtagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the ſlain
Was quickly carried off to bed,
His ſenſes to regain.

GOD bleſs the king, the dutcheſs ſat,
And keep the land in peace,
And grant that drunkenneſs henceforth
'Mongſt noblemen may ceaſe.

And likewiſe bleſs our royal prince,
The nation's other hope,
And give us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

AT the brow of a hill a fair ſhepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambiton or love ne'er had felt:
A few ſober Maxims ſtill run in her head;
That 'twas better to earn ere ſhe eat her brown bread;
That to riſe with the lark was conducive to health,
And, for folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Young *Roger* who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Would often-times try o'er her heart to prevail,
And would lean on his pitch-fork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behaviour he ſo gain'd on her heart;
Being artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no art.

He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Her eyes he commended in language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the torment he felt in his breaſt.
With ſighs, and with tears, he ſo ſoften'd her mind,
That, in downright compaſſion, to love ſhe inclin'd.

No ſooner he'd melted the ice in her breaſt,
Than the heat of his paſſion that moment decreas'd;
And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
And boaſts of his conqueſt to *Suſan* and *Nell*.

Tho'

Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in haſte;
And, whene'er he ſpeaks of her, he makes her his jeſt.

Take heed, pretty virgins of *Britain*'s fair iſle,
How you venture your hearts for a look or a ſmile:
For *Cupid* is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe *Roger* in every vale;
Who, to court you and tempt you, will try all his skill,
But remember the laſs at the brow of the hill.

Tune, *Sweet are the Charms of her I love.*

WHERE ever *Damon* you do rove
O! keep me ever in your mind,
If walking through ſome ſhadow grove,
Or on a flow'ry bank reclin'd,
Still let my faithful image be,
Among the ſhades retir'd with thee.
Still let, &c.

Think when, beneath the ſpreading trees,
You liſten to the whiſp'ring breeze,
How with ſoft ſighs my boſom heaves,
When I lament my ruin'd peace;
Calm are my tears, as ſilent ſhow'rs,
Or dews that fall from painted flow'rs.
Calm are, &c.

Or if you wander where ſome brook
Does o'er the murm'ring pebbles flow,
As on the flowing ſtream you look,
Think how I weep, oppreſt with woe;
And, ſhou'd the current want ſupplies,
I could recruit it from my eyes.
And, ſhou'd, &c.

While, parch'd upon the pointed thorn,
The nightingale renews her ſtrain,
Let it re-mind you how forlorn,
When you are abſent, I complain;
Or ſhould you hear the widowed dove,
Think I, like her, lament my love.
Or ſhould, &c.

When you behold the ſetting ray
Sinking beneath the weſtern sky,
The ſullen gloom of cloſing day
May repreſent me to your eye;
For languid as departing light
Am I when abſent from your ſight.
For languid, &c.

Tune, *Banks of* Forth.

SAY, *Chloe*, by what powerful art
A glowing flame you do impart;
Thro' every breaſt, when 'tis well known,
Snow is no colder than your own.

It gives th' admiring world ſurprize,
To find that love, which from thoſe eyes
Wounds thouſands with unerring dart,
Shou'd prove a ſtranger to thy heart.

Thro' various climates I have rov'd,
And various beauties ſeen unmov'd;
My heart reſerv'd for thee alone,
I ſaw, I lov'd, and was undone.

But yet ſo pleaſant was the pain,
With pride I hugg'd the fatal chain,
Nor would I, tho' I cou'd be free,
But live a captive ſtill to thee.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For *Jock*'s to be married to *Maggy*,
The lafs wi' the gowden hair;
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks o' barley-meal;
And there will be good fawt herring,
To reliſh a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be *Sawney* the ſutor,
And *Will* wi' the meikle mow;
And there will be *Tam* the bluter,
With *Andrew* the tinker, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged *Robie*,
With thumbleſs *Katie*'s good man;
And there will be blue-cheeked *Dobie*,
And *Laurie* the laird o' the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſow-libber *Patie*,
And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
That wins i' the how o' the hill;
And there will be *Alaſter Sibbie*,
Wha in wi' black *Beſſy* did mool,
Wi' ſnivelling *Lilly*, and *Tibbie*
The laſs that ſtands aſt on the ſtool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckl'd to *Steenie*,
And coſt him grey breeks to his arſe,
Wha after was hangit for ſtealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warſe:

And there will be gleed *Geordy Janners*,
And *Kirſh* wi' the lilly-white leg,
Wha ga'd to the ſouth for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Juden MacLawrie*,
And blinkin daft *Barbara MacLeg*,
Wi' ſlae-lugged ſharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
And ſhangy-mow'd haluckit *Meg*.
And there will be happer-ars'd *Nancy*,
And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by name,
Muck *Maddie*, and fat-hippit *Griſy*,
The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again *Gibbie*,
Wi' his glakit wife *Jenny Bell*,
And miſle-ſhinn'd *Mungo Mackapie*,
The lad that was skipper himſel.
There lads and laſſes in pearlings
Will feaſt in the heart of the ha',
On ſybows, and riſarts, and carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw,
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be ſadges and brochen,
Wi' ſouth of good gabboks of skate,
Powſowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and ſpeldings enew,
Wi' ſingit ſheeps-heads, and a haggies,
And ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be laper'd milk kebbucks,
And ſowens, and farles, and baps, With

Wi' ſwats and well ſcraped paunches,
And brandy in ſtoups and in caps.
And there will be meal-kail and caſtocks,
Wi' skink to ſup till ye rive,
And roaſts, to roaſt on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Serapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe and tangles,
And a mill of good ſniſhin to prie,
When, weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For *Jocky*'s to be marry'd to *Maggie*,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.
Fy let us, &c.

Tune, *Tarry Woo*.

CELIA's voice, *Celia*'s voice,
Sweetly on our ſenſes win;
Guard us heaven! guard us heaven!
Guard us heaven e'er ſhe begin!
When the pretty warbler ſings,
Heaven its ſtore of pleaſures brings;
Then, Oh! then is heard and ſeen
Muſick's goddeſs, beauty's queen.

Charming *Celia*'s voice we ſing,
Sweet as balmy gale of ſpring,
Scattering odour as it blows,
O'er the vi'let and the roſe:
Harp, viol, lute, in value fall,
Celia's voice excells them all;

Oblig'd are *Ramſay*'s ſongs, I vow,
Celia, to your voice and you.

Oh! it is a pleaſing trance,
And our hearts within us dance,
Tarry Woo when *Celia* ſings,
Then we're born on pleaſure's wings:
Charms around the ſinger throng,
Angels liſten to the ſong;
Round her all the ſwains rejoice,
Nought ſo ſweet as *Celia*'s voice.

Happy is the rural ſwain,
Free from city, care and pain;
He, with pleaſure all the day
Sees his tender lambkins play:
But, ye gods, can any bliſs,
Any pleaſure equal his,
On whoſe raviſh'd ſenſes throng
Celia's beauties, and her ſong!

Tho' a ſimple ſhepherd I,
Mighty kings I don't envy;
I am happier than a king,
Whilſt I hear my *Celia* ſing:
But when *Celia* ſings adieu,
In the ſong of *Tarry Woo*,
Then am I a penſive ſwain,
Till the fair reſume the ſtrain.

Sing, my faireſt, ſing again,
Since your ſilence gives me pain,
And continue ſinging ſtill,
'Till I ſay I have my fill:
Warble, faireſt, warble on,
Never let the ſong be done,
Still I find the pleaſure new,
Never, never ſing adieu.

Tune,

Tune, *Dear* Colin *prevent my warm Bluſhes.*

DEAR *Jenny*, your charms have undone me,
And robb'd me of freedom and joy,
I prithee, dear *Jenny*, ſmile on me,
For death is my fate if you're coy.
I prithee, dear charmer, be cautious,
Since death is ſo heinous, comply,
And torture me not with delaying,
Since ev'ry croſs jade can deny.

Nay, angel, don't fancy that nature,
In forming you, took ſuch delight,
To make you the faireſt in feature,
For nought but to dazzle the ſight:
Nay, *Jove*, when he gave you theſe graces,
Intended you ſolely for love,
And made thee, faireſt of laſſes,
The kindeſt of females to prove.

I prithee, dear *Jenny*, remember,
The roſe that is blooming in *May*
Is faded and ſhrunk in *September*,
And thrown diſregarded away;
It's ſo with the peeviſh young charmer,
That takes at her lover diſtaſte,
And trifles till thirty does arm her,
And ſo dies a maid at the laſt.

Tune, *To danton me.*

GRANT me, ye gods who rule above,
Ye guardian powers of virtuous love,
In ſome retir'd and ſweet retreat,
Far from th' ambitious and the great,

With

With ſweet *Melinda* in my arms,
Poſſeſt of all her heav'nly charms,
To paſs the fleeting hours of life,
Far from the noiſy ſcenes of ſtrife.

No anxious thoughts ſhould then controul
The gentle calmneſs of my ſoul;
No cares deprive my mind of reſt,
Nor tear *Melinda* from my breaſt:
Could I, thou creature all divine,
Could I but call *Melinda* mine,
Then happy, happy would I be,
Retired from all the world but thee.

When time's ſoft moments paſs away,
And love employs each chearful day,
With juſt diſdain I would look down
On all the ſplendour of a crown:
And when the fates ſhould call me hence,
To pureſt climes remote from ſenſe,
Content I'd bleſs the moments paſt,
And in thy arms breathe out my laſt.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waſte thy prime,
A ſtranger to the joys of love,
Thou haſt youth, and that's the time,
Every moment to improve.
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys,
Sweetly ſounding in thy ear,
Infant prate, and mother's joys.
Sweetly ſounding, &c.

Only view that little dove
Softly cooing to its mate;

As

As a farther proof of love,
See her for his kiſſes wait.
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As it flies from ſpray to ſpray,
Sweetly tunes an amorous lay,
I love, I love, it ſtrives to ſay.
Sweetly tunes, &c.

Could I to thy ſoul reveal,
But at leaſt the thouſand part,
Of thoſe pleaſures lovers feel
In a mutual change of heart,
Then, repenting, wouldſt thou ſay,
Virgin fears from hence remove,
All the time is thrown away
That we cannot ſpend in love.
All the time, &c.

By the Earl of DORSET.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
The muſes now, and *Neptune* too,
We muſt implore to write to you.
Fa, la, la, &c.

For tho' the muſes ſhould prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouze the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roul up and down our ſhips at ſea.

Then if we write not ev'ry poſt,
Think not we are unkind,

No

Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By *Dutch*-men, or by wind;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of tears to *Whitehall* stairs.

Shou'd foggy *Opdam* chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at *Goree*;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let *Dutch*-men vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
No sorrow we shall find;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious *Ombre* play.
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away,
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;

Perhaps

Perhaps permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care,
For being ſo remote;
Think then, how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs,
When we, for hopes of honour, loſe
Our certain happineſs;
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears:
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.

By HARRY CAREY.

AS muſing I rang'd in the meads all alone,
A beautiful creature was making her moan,
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.
Oh! the tears they did trickle full faſt from her eyes,
And ſhe pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cries.

I gently requeſted the cauſe of her moan,
She told me her ſweet *Seneſino* was flown,

And

And in that ſad poſture ſhe'd ever remain,
Unleſs the dear charmer would come back again.
Oh! the tears, &c.

Why, who is this mortal ſo cruel, ſaid I,
That draws ſuch a ſtream from ſo lovely an eye;
To beauty ſo blooming what man can be blind,
To paſſion ſo tender what monſter unkind!
Oh! the tears, &c.

'Tis neither for man nor for woman, ſaid ſhe,
That thus in lamenting I water the lee;
My warbler celeſtial, ſweet darling of fame,
Is a ſhadow of ſomething, a ſex without name.
Oh! the tears, &c.

Perhaps 'tis ſome linnet, ſome blackbird, ſaid I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark that has ſoar'd to the ſky;
Come, dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Oh! the tears, &c.

No linnet, no blackbird, nor ſky-lark, ſaid ſhe,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three:
My ſweet *Seneſino*, for whom I thus cry,
Is ſweeter than all the wing'd ſongſters that fly.
Oh! the tears, &c.

Adieu *Farinello*, *Cuzzoni* likewiſe,
Whom ſtars and whom garters extoll to the ſkies:
Adieu to the op'ra, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Oh! the tears, &c.

Tune, *I'll gar you be fain to follow me.*

H E.

ADIEU for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,

Dear

Dear *Nelly*, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away,
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then *Johny* be counſell'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented, I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

SHE.

Bear witneſs ye ſtreams, and witneſs ye flow'rs,
Bear witneſs ye watchful inviſible pow'rs;
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

Tune, *Woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.*

ADIEU, ye pleaſant ſports and plays,
Farewel each ſong that was diverting;
Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
I ſing of *Delia* and *Damon*'s parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleaſant paſſion,
Till *Delia*'s mildneſs had prevail'd
On him to ſhew his inclination.

Juſt as the fair one ſeem'd to give
A patient ear to his love-ſtory,
Damon muſt his *Delia* leave,
To go in queſt of toilſome glory.

Half-ſpoken words hung on his tongue,
Their eyes refus'd the uſual meeting;
And ſighs ſupply'd their wonted ſong,
Theſe charming ſounds were chang'd to weeping,

Dear idol of my ſoul, adieu:
Ceaſe to lament, but ne'er to love me.
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other charms ſhall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
The thought deſtroys my heart with care,
Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
May then my guardian-angel leave me:
And, more to aggravate my woes,
Be you ſo good as to forgive me.

Tune,

Tune, *My* Nannyo.

STrephon, how could you cruel prove,
To ſlight me when you ſee I love?
What madneſs has poſſeſt your mind?
Muſt you be falſe, 'cauſe I am kind?

The love ſo eagerly you ſought,
I gave you ſooner than I ought;
And now I'm baniſh'd from your breaſt,
Becauſe I granted your requeſt.

Had I unkind and cruel prov'd,
Falſe man, I had been ſtill belov'd;
While I was cold, your breaſt was fir'd,
When my flame kindled, yours expir'd.

May the next woman you addreſs
Torment you more, and love you leſs;
Then, like a ſpaniel, you will prove,
The worſe you're us'd, the more you'll love.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet ſcents did clear my brain,
From flow'rs that grow ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was ſogie,
I ask'd her name, Sweet ſir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is *Katharine Ogie*,

I ſtood a while, and did admire
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately,
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid ſo neatly;

Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lilly in a bogie,
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee :
Though thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee.
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Fars excells any clowniſh rogie,
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O ! were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain,
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee :
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With *Kate*, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmens dang'rous ſtations ;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations ;
Might I careſs, and ſtill poſſeſs,
This laſs of whom I'm vogie :
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature ;
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and ſogie :

Pity my caſe, ye powers above,
Elſe I die for *Katharine Ogie.*

AT dead of night, when wrapt in ſleep,
The peaceful cottage lay,
Paſtora left her folded ſheep,
Her garland, crook, and uſeleſs ſcrip;
Love led the nymph aſtray.

Looſe and undreſs'd ſhe takes her flight,
To a near myrtle ſhade;
The conſcious moon gave all her light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd lover's ſight,
And guide the lovely maid.

His eager arms the nymph embrace,
And, to aſſwage his pain,
His reſtleſs paſſion he obeys:
At ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place,
What lover could contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious moon,
The moon no ſuccour gave;
The cruel ſtars, unmov'd, look on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt by powerful love,
The nymph expiring lay,
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind ſtars were found above,
She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bleſt the grove, her conſcious flight,
And youth that did betray;
And panting, dying with delight,
She bleſt the kind tranſporting night,
And curs'd approaching day.

I'LL ſing you a ſong was never in print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find nothing in't.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I ſlight,
And I don't care a pin, if I get nothing by't.

Fire, air, earth and water, birds, beaſts, fiſh and men,
Did ſtart out of nothing, a chaos, a den,
And all things muſt turn to nothing again.

The lad that makes love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
And hopes to obtain her by ſighing and ſoothing,
Moſt frequently makes much ado about nothing.

But ſoon as his patience and purſe are decay'd,
He may to the arms of a whore be betray'd,
For ſhe that has nothing muſt needs be a maid.

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times hit,
As when fools among wiſe men do ſilently ſit,
The fool that ſays nothing may paſs for a wit.

When firſt by the ears we together did fall,
Then ſomething got nothing, and nothing got all,
From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall.

If any man tax me with weakneſs of wit,
And ſays that on nothing I nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihil'o nihil fit.*

But let his deſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very word nothing may give him a fall,
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.

So let every man give to the poet his due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it, when that he had nothing to do.

This very word nothing, if took the right way,
May be of advantage, for what will you ſay,
When the landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?

The Words by Mr. BOOTH.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask roſe,
Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
Gentle as wind when *Zepher* blows;
Refreſhing as deſcending rains
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.
Refreſhing, &c.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun;
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon:
From every other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid purſues;
Sweet *Philomel*, in ſhady bow'rs,
Of verdant ſpring, her note renews:
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my ſoul's deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous face,
And vary as the ſeaſons riſe;
As winter to the ſpring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies: Summer

No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towrs, and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above:
Where known to all his kindred-train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair the soul,
Twin-born from heaven together came;
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name:
Divine abodes shall own his power,
When time and death shall be no more.

The Bush aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains;
Why thus should *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Tune, Polwarth *on the Green*.

THO' beauty, like the rose
That smiles on *Polwarth* green,
In various colours shows,
As 'tis by fancy seen:
Yet all its different glories ly
United in thy face,

And

And virtue, like the ſun on high,
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:
But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her breath, and ſmile,
And wave your balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſsful exſtaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm. D.

Muirland Willie.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young muirland *Willie* came to woo,
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do,
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'ſe ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal dal, &c,

On his grey yade as as he did ride,
With durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

Out

Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doghter's love to win,
I care na for making meikle din;
What anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my doghter's love to win,
With a fal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doghter winna gloom
On ſic a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtept up the houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fal, &c.

I have three owſen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I ſcorn to tell a lie:
Beſides, I ha'e frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard.
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waiſt,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;

And for my ſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet. and ſpat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd hir mou',
With a fal, &c.

The maiden bluſht and bing'd ſu' la',
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her dady ſhe left it a'.
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
Bnt ſic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle.
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky;
Ye's ha'e the wedding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blytheſome lad and laſs;
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And

And our brides maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie,
Their toys and mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and ſic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met.
With a fal, &c. Z.

By HARRY CAREY.

TO be gazing on thoſe charms,
To be folded in thoſe arms,
To unite my lips to thoſe,
Whence eternal ſweetneſs flows.
To be lov'd by one ſo fair,
Is to be bleſt beyond compare!

On that boſom to recline,
While that hand is lock'd in mine,
In thoſe eyes myſelf to view,
Gazing ſtill, and ſtill on you.
To be lov'd by one ſo fair,
Is to be bleſt beyond compare!

Tune, *The Boat-man.*

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scotſman*:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I'll loor chuſe, in *Highland* glens,
To herd the kid and goat, man,
E'er I would, for ſic little ends,
Refuſe my bonny *Scotſman*.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtranger to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boat-man.
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder ſhore,
My brave, my bonny *Scotſman*.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bleſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter:
Since ſhe excells in every grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I come o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred bands ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom,
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

THE laſs of *Paty*'s mill,
So bonny, blythe and gay,
In ſpite of all my skill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand.
Through all my ſpirits ran
An exſtaſy of bleſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had

Or had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will;
I'd promise and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of *Paty*'s mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

Tune, *Bonny Jean.*

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let thy shafts at random rove,
For *Jeany*'s haughty heart must bleed.
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean.*

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses *Willy*'s kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny *Jean.*

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bnony *Jean.*

The

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſcloſ'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s prize, the *Spartan* queen.
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*.

Tune, *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.*

CEleſtial muſes, tune your lyres,
Grace all my raptures with your lays,
Charming, enchanting *Kate* inſpires,
In loſty ſounds her beauties praiſe:
How undeſigning ſhe diſplays
Such ſcenes as raviſh with delight;
Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
They dazzle not, but pleaſe the ſight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
I neither will nor can her harm,
I would but gently touch her heart,
And try for once if that could charm.
Go, *Venus*, uſe your fav'rite wile,
As ſhe is beauteous, make her kind,
Let all your graces round her ſmile,
And ſooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
And all my anxious cares remov'd,
In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
With what pure laſting flames I lov'd.
Then ſhall alternate life and death,
My raviſh'd flutt'ring ſoul poſſeſs,
The ſofteſt tend'reſt things I'll breathe,
Betwixt each am'rous fond careſs.

M

MITHER.

AULD *Rob Morris* that wins in yon glen,
He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men;
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too:
And auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

Had your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild, and my eild can never agree;
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen,
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too:
And auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye maun lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Morris* I ken him fou well,
His a—— it ſticks out like ony peet-creel;
He's out-ſhinn'd and inn-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too:
And auld *Rob Morris* is the man I'll ne'er lo'e.

MITHER.

Tho' auld *Rob Morris* be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhouldna be ſae ill to ſhoe,
For auld *Rob Morris* is the man ye man lo'e.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Morris* I never will ha'e,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his beard is grown grey:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of *Rob Morris* I never will hear.

Q.

LET's

LET's be jovial, fill our glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by aſſes,
And the wiſe are ſway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppreſs us,
Riches are to them a ſnare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Crœſus*,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget;
Come, let us fuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
We're carouſing o'er our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus:
Death begone, here's none but ſouls.

Godlike *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling death away ſhall flie,
Ever after underſtanding
Drinking ſouls can never die.

Tune, *Auld lang ſyne.*

WHen flow'ry meadows deck'd the year,
And ſporting lambkins play,
When ſpangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my *Chloe* leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love, ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Should lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling choirs from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſt,
I bleſt, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

But joy tranſporting never fails
To flie away as air;
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again:
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain;
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle *Chloe*, be advis'd,
Do not thyſelf begaile;
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

Tune, *Hallow E'en.*

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n e'er while ſerene?
Whence do theſe ſtorms of tempeſts flow?
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And ly obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy ſame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For *Venus*, ev'ry heart t' inſnare,
With all her charms has deckt thy face;
And *Pallas*, with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten ev'ry grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who but muſt reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With *Cupid*'s bow, and *Pallas*' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is giv'n,
Let not a wretch in torment live;
But ſmile, and learn to copy heav'n,
Since we muſt ſin e'er it forgive.
Yet pitying heav'n not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But ev'n itſelf, appeas'd, beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

Tune, *The Fourteenth of October.*

YE gods! was *Strephon*'s picture bleſt
With the fair heav'n of *Chloe*'s breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb, too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For *Strephon* was the bleſs deſign'd?
For *Strephon*'s ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodged ſo near my *Chloe*'s heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent pray'r,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heav'n,
That *Chloe*, laviſh maid, has giv'n.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
Of all the wealth thoſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks, that lifeleſs air;
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou canſt ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But Oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee;
Then, charmer, grant my fond requeſt,
Say thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

Tune, *Carl an the king come.*

WHEN we meet again, *Phely*,
When we meet again, *Phely*,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loſs reſult in gain, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Long the ſport of fortune driv'n,
To deſpair our thoughts were giv'n;

Our

Our thoughts will all be ev'n, *Phely*,
When we meet again, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Now in dreary distant groves,
Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
Suffering best our virtue proves,
And will enhance our loves, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely, *&c.*

Joy will come in a surprize,
'Till its happy hour arise;
Temper well your love-sick sighs,
For hope becomes the wise, *Phely*.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely. M.

Tune, *Had awa' fra' me, Donald.*

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, *Jenny*;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,
Whase smiles once ravish'd me, *Jenny*.
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought shall alter me, *Jenny*;
For you're the mistress of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, *Jenny*.

First when your sweets inslav'd my heart,
You seem'd to favour me, *Jenny*;
But now, alas! you act a part
That speaks unconstancy, *Jenny*.
Unconstancy is sic a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, *Jenny*;
It suits not with your virtue nice
To carry sae to me, *Jenny*.

O had

HER ANSWER.

O Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, *Donald*;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, *Donald*.
Some fickle miſtreſs you may find,
Will jilt as faſt as thee, *Donald*;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with honeſty, *Donald*;
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, *Donald*.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
For words of falſehood I'll defend,
A roving love like thine, *Donald*.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own,
I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
Apparent worth, and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, *Donald*:
Ilk virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The man eſteem'd by me, *Donald*;
But now, the mask faln off, I ſcorn
To ware a thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever, had awa',
Had awa' frae me, *Donald*;
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, *Donald*:
For I'll reſerve myſel for ane,
For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
If ſic an ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er lo'e man, nor thee, *Donald*.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and falſe report
Has only told a lie, *Jenny*;
To try thy truth, and make us ſport,
The tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come awa' with me, *Donald*;
I'm we'll content ne'er to repent
That I have ſmil'd on thee, *Donald*.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
Fow bonny, braw and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wiſht a lover ill;
Since ye're out of your mither's ſight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while;
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſummer's gawn to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale and lark,
The bleating lambs and whiſtling hynd,
In ilka dale, green ſhaw and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad yer mind,

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk your brow.
We'll pou the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog:

Between-hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet ſog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, faſt and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r.
Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the caller ſhade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

MY mither's ay glowrin o'er me,
Tho' ſhe did the ſame before me;
I canna get leave
To look to my love,
Or elſe ſhe is like to devour me.

Right fain wad I tak your offer,
Sweet ſir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wite yer poor *Kate*,
When ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' yer land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MY *Peggy* is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and ſweet as *May*,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My *Peggy* is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking o' the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare,
My *Peggy* ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cald;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking o' the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My *Peggy* ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blythe and bauld;
And naithing gi'es me ſic delight
As wawking o' the fauld.

My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſweetly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt, it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My *Peggy* ſings ſae ſweetly,
And, in her ſangs, is tald
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking o' the fauld.

NANSY's to the green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdſpinks chatt'ring,
And *Willie* he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty;
With chapped ſtocks butter'd fou' well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty;
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' houſe and a pantry;
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An owr-lay 'bout his ſtragy;
And ay, until the day he dy'd,
He rade on _____ ſhanks nagy.

Now wae and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye ſcorn my *Nancy*?
Wad ye compare yourſel to me,
A docken till a tansy?
I hae a woer of my ain,
They ca' him ſouple *Sandy*,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſuger-candy.

Wow *Nanſy*, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was *Rab* the beggar randy:
His minny *Meg* upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy:
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me, your winſome *Willy*?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet, ye may take it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

Then *Nanſy* turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did *Sandy* hear ye,
Ye wandna miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had yer tongue, and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy,
For, as lang 's *Sandy* 's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get *Nanſy*.

Tune, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

'TIS I have ſeven braw new gowns,
And ſeven better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns,
My woo'r has turn'd his back.
Beſides, I have ſeven milk-ky,
And *Sandy* has but three,
And yet for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and ſpin,
And I am a fine fodgel laſs,
And the ſiller comes linkin in,
The ſiller comes linkin in,
And it is ſou fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow! O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Baty does bark,
Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark
Will light and venture in;
But never a ane comes in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by;
Syne far ben the houſe I rin,
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt pray'rs,
I pray'd but anes i' the year,
I wiſh'd for a handſome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my nieſt pray'rs,
I pray'd but now and than,
I faſh'd na my head about gear,
If I gat a handſome young man.

Now when I'm at my laſt pray'rs,
I pray baith night and day,
And O if a beggar wad come,
With that ſame beggar I'd gae,
And O, and what'll come o' me!
And O, and what'll I do!
That ſic a braw laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer, I trow!

Tune,

Tune, *Dainty Davy.*

WHILE fops, in faſt *Italian* verſe,
Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe,
While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds I ſwear
The maidens are delited.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanſy, *lucky* Nanſy,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks,
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, *Chloe*, or *Phyllis*.
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae *Jove*,
My height of exſtaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing---thus---preſent my love
With roſes cek and lillies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay---I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs, and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' fault I wot;
But, *Nanſy*, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhime,
And, ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chime,
And ſlide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my rev'rend ſonſy fair,
Thy runkl'd cheeks and lyart hair,

Thy half-ſhut een and hodling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fuel:
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heav'n in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms enew for me:
Then ſmile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky Nanſy, *lucky* Nanſy,
Drieſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, Nanſy, *ſae will ye now.*

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable *Nanſy.*
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c. Q.

Tune, *The Highland Laddie.*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOW all thy virgin-ſweets are mine,
And all the ſhining charms that grace thee;
My fair *Melinda,* come recline
Upon my breaſt, while I embrace thee,
And tell, without diſſembling art,
My happy raptures on thy boſom:
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that ſhall for ever bloſſom.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
Sure the gods well-pleas'd behold ye;

Their

Their work admire, so great, so fair,
And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
To own my love in transport tender;
Since that so brave a man is mine,
To my *Brigantius* I surrender.
By sacred tyes I'm now to move,
As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
And while my smiles engage thy love,
Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHOR. O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
New life on blowing flow'rs bestowing;
Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
To heav'n, with spirit grateful glowing.
My honour, courage, wealth and wit,
Thou dear light, my chiefest treasure,
Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHOR. O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my *Brigantius*, I could live
In lonely cot, beside a mountain,
And nature's easy wants relieve
With shepherds fare, and quaff the fountain.
What pleases thee, the rural grove,
Or congress of the fair and witty,
Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
In plains retir'd, or social city.

CHOR. O the happy, &c.

BRI-

BRIGANTIUS.

How ſweetly canſt thou charm my ſoul,
O lovely ſum of my deſires!
Thy beauties all my cares controul,
Thy virtue all that's good inſpires.
Tune ev'ry inſtrument of ſound,
Which all the mind divinely raiſes,
Till every height and dale rebounds,
Both loud and ſweet, my darling's praiſes.

CHOR. O the happy, *&c.*

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brighteſt ſhine,
My happineſs is now completed,
Since all that's gen'rous, great and fine,
In my *Brigantius* is united:
For which I'll ſtudy thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling,
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a conſtant ſmiling.

CHOR. O the happy, *&c.*

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well e'er ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſt and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleating ſweetly as ye go
Through the winter's froſt and ſnow.

Hart and hind, and ſallow deer,
No be haff ſae uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye ſhepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leez me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a ſhepherds life!
Far frae courts, and free frae ſtrife;
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae:
No ſuch muſic to his ear.
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and Colly true,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none,
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſcepter ſways,
Has not ſweeter holy-days.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd lives ſae well,
Lives ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.

With

With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her ye manna' be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of ilka thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What could you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt of the town,
With naithing, but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport with the widow, my laddie.

Then till 'er, and kill 'er with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

Tune, *Nanny-o.*

AH! woes me, poor *Willy* cry'd,
See how I'm waſted to a ſpan:
My heart I loſt, when firſt I ſpy'd
The charming, lovely milk-maid *Nan.*
I'm grown ſo weak, a gentle breeze
Of duſty *Roger*'s winnowing fan
Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees.
And all for thee, my ſmirky *Nan.*

The ale-wife miſſes me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unleſs 'tis brew'd and bak'd by *Nan.*

The baker makes the beſt of bread,
The flow'r he takes, and leaves the bran;
The bran is ev'ry other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my ſmirky *Nan*.

But *Dick* of th' green, that ugly lown,
Laſt *Sunday* to my miſtreſs ran,
He ſnatch'd a kiſs, I knock'd him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my ſmirky *Nan*.
But, hark! the roaring ſoger comes,
And rattles Tantara Taran,
She leaves her cows for noiſy drums.
Woes me, I've loſt my ſmirky *Nan*.

By Mr. PRIOR.

Tune, *Abbot of Canterbury*.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris* muſt needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and juſtice moſt oddly contribute
To eaſe heroes pains by a halter or gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the ſhackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun,
There the 'ſquire of the pad, and the knight of the poſt,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own:
But my hearers cry out, what a duce doſt thou ail,
Put off thy reflections, and give us the tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe,
A *Norman*, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to aſſiſt but a grave *Cordelier*?
Derry down, &c.

The 'ſquire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene,
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhou'd begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was lothe to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon, ſays the prieſt,
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon,
For 'tis not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! prythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies,
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from St. *Francis*;
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die, let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend, to-day is your period of ſorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd in a fright,
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'ſquire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Morbleu, I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat:

I ſhou'd therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Wou'd you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit:
The feaſt I propos'd to you I cannot taſte,
For this night by our Order is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I prythee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

By Dr. CROXAL.

WAft me, ſome ſoft and cooling breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady, kind retreat,
Where ſylvan ſcenes, wide-ſpreading trees,
Repell the raging dog-ſtar's heat.

Where tufted graſs, and moſſy beds,
Afford a rural calm repoſe;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant ſweets around diſcloſe.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling valey plays;
His glaſſy ſurface chears the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadows ſtrays.

His fertile banks, with herbage green,
His vales with ſmiling plenty ſwell;
Where'er his purer ſtream is ſeen,
The gods of health and pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm, once more divide;
In thee my glowing boſom lave,
And ſtem thy gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome oſier's dusky ſhade,
Where water-lilies paint the ground,
And bubling ſprings refreſh the glade.

Let chaſte *Clarinda* too be there,
With azure mantle lightly dreſt;
Ye nymphs bind up her ſilken hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting breaſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
The muſe, the kindly friend to love,
To thee alone the muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal grove.

In Swift's *Miſcellanies, Vol. IV.*

Tune, *Children in the Wood.*

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or, like a *March* hare, mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as *David Sow*,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pearmonger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind,
Cool as a cucumber, would ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,
And ſoft as ſilk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep,
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or ſtone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottl'd ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is buſy as a bee;
Hearts, ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears,
O! were we join'd together,
My heart would ſoon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five pence is her mein,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet;

Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes are black as jet,

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites,
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-looſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt,
Sweet as a roſe her face and lips,
Round as a globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king;
Good lack! how all men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But, falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do,
Tho' ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And as the goſpel true,

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take *Peru*,
Great as an emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt;
Let us like burrs together ſtick,
As warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wiſh me better ſpeed,
Flat as a flounder when I ly,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

By Mr. PARNEL.

GAY *Bacchus*, liking *Eſtcourt*'s wine,
A noble meal beſpoke;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love* and *Joke*.

The god near *Cupid* drew his chair,
And *Joke* near *Comus* plac'd;
Thus Wine makes Love forget its care,
And Mirth exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe each ſprightly god,
Each ſweet engaging Grace
Put on ſome cloaths to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd, at ev'ry glaſs,
A lady of the sky,
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
For *Joke* took care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch,
Then fill'd, and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Free jeſts run all the table round,
And with the wine conſpire,
(While they by fly reflection wound)
To ſet their heads on fire.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reckoning his deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring gaits.

Joke

Joke droll'd on *Comus'* greedy ways,
And tales without a jeſt,
While *Comus* call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds,
And had I *Homer*'s pen,
I'd ſing ye how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray the *Graces* fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
And had the *Furies* ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his bow,
But kept ſome dart to ſtir the cup
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Joke, taking *Comus'* roſy crown,
In triumph wore the prize,
And thrice in mirth he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then *Cupid* ſought the myrtle grove,
Where *Venus* did recline,
And Beauty cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And *Comus*, loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat,
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy ſtate.

Bacchus and *Joke*, who ſtay behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;

For tho' ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

By JOHN HUGHES Eſq;

SEE, from the ſilent grove *Alexis* flies,
And ſeeks, with ev'ry pleaſing art,
To eaſe the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To ſhining theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla*'s moving airs,
While thus to Muſic's pow'r the ſwain addreſs'd his pray'rs:

Charming ſounds that ſweetly languiſh,
Muſic, Oh compoſe my anguiſh!
Ev'ry paſſion yields to thee:
Phœbus, quickly then relieve me;
Cupid ſhall no more deceive me,
I'll to ſprightlier joys be free.

Apollo heard the fooliſh ſwain;
He knew, when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak t' aſſuage an am'rous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he ſtrikes the ſpeaking ſtrings,
Preluding to his voice, and ſings:

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, ſhepherd, then deceive thee;
Muſic is the voice of love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind conſenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

COME

COME follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come follow *Mab* your queen.
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt,
Unheard and uneſpy'd,
Thro' key-holes we do glide,
Over tables, ſtools and ſhelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh or bowl,
Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, and none us ſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the houſhold-maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
Every night, before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.

Then o'er a muſhrom's head
Our table-cloath we ſpread:
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of ſnails,
Between two cockles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſ'ly chew'd;

And

And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a feaſt that's wond'rous nice.

The graſhopper, gnat and fly,
Serve for our minſtrelſy;
Grace ſaid, we dance a-while,
And ſo the time beguile:
But if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be ſeen
Where we the night before have been.

By Mr. POPE.

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm we find,
E'er ſince our grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm the Devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The

The fops are painted butter-flies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows:
Some worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah! *Moore*, thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

Ah! learned friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who setst our intrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powders vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years no more;
Ev'n *Butten*'s wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

In SWIFT's Miscellanies, *Vol. IV.*

SAYS my uncle, I pray now discover
What has been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
I've seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose*.

O nephew, your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better progg,

Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The ſchool-boy's delight is a play-day,
The ſchool-maſter's joy is to flogg,
A ſop 's the delight of a lady,
But mine is in ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog,
But no light can e'er ſet me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will paum and will cog,
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I paum my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

The heart that's half-wounded is ranging,
It here and there leaps like a frog,
But my heart can never be changing,
'Tis ſo fix'd on my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women, at beſt, are a clogg;
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all my paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes are loſt in a fog,
And in nothing can find ſatisfaction,
But in thoughts of my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance at my ſweet *Molly Mogg*,

For thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log;
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s merit,
Unite in my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give for my ſweet *Molly Mogg*.

When *Molly* comes up with the liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me a-gog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe *Molly Mogg*.

ANSWER to *By Jove I'll be free*, p. 117.

HOW dare you, bold *Strephon*, preſume thus to prate,
And laſh the fair ſex at this monſtruous rate,
To boaſt of your freedom, ſince not long ago
That you was a ſlave to fair *Chloe* you know.
When the next arrow comes, I wiſh 't be from me,
Then I'd give you that Anſwer, *By Jove I'll be free*.

You ſay, that young *Daphne* you brought to diſgrace;
I thank my kind ſtars, that is none of my caſe:
I'll take ſpecial care, Sir, of yielding too ſoon,
Nor will I deſpair at the change of the moon;
It ne'er was in your power yet to ruine me,
So I tell you with courage, *By Jove I'll be free*.

The next was young *Phillis*, whom beauties adorn,
She ſerv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with ſcorn:
When the fox could not get the ſweet grapes in his pow'r,
He gave them a curſe, and he ſaid they were ſour.
So thoſe nymphs that are wiſe, Sir, and won't ruin'd be,
With ſpleen you deſpair of, yet cry *I'll be free*.

Altho' you make ſport, Sir, of the marriage ſtate,
Remember, proud *Strephen*, it may be your fate;
In the height of your fever, your pains to aſſwage,
When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a cage:
When mirth, wine and muſic no cordials can be,
May the fair one then anſwer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

I wiſh that all women would follow my rule,
Then ſoon, haughty *Strephon*, you'd look like a fool;
When *Cupid* has ſhot with a well-pointed dart,
And made an Impreſſion upon your vain heart,
When, trembling and pale, you approach the fair ſhe,
May ſhe anſwer you coldly, *By Jove I'll be free.*

But give me the man that can love without feint,
(For natural beauty is far before paint)
Who thinks it a bleſſing to ſettle for life,
And knows how to value a virtuous wife;
With patience I'll wait till I find the kind he,
And then I'll no longer deſire to be free.

YOung I am, and yet unskil'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my ſoul diſguiſe,
Heave my breaſts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie, and to betray:
He that has me firſt is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love, and full of truth,

When ſent, fair *Julia*, from thy hand,
Ev'n ice itſelf can warm.

How ſhou'd we then ſecure our hearts?
Love's pow'r we all muſt feel;
Who thus can, by ſtrange magic arts,
In ice his flame conceal.

'Tis thou alone, fair *Julia*, know,
Can quench my fierce deſire;
But not with water, ice nor ſnow,
But with an equal fire.

WHAT tho' I am a country laſs,
A lofty mind I bear-a,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe
Who gay apparel wear-a.

What tho' my cloaths be home-ſpun grey,
My skin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that, in their *Cyprus* veils,
Carry their heads aloft-a.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep,
It is what muſt be done-a;
A garland of the ſweeteſt flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the ſun-a.

And when I ſee they feeding be
Where graſs and flow'rs do ſpring-a,
Beſide a purling cryſtal ſtream
I'll ſet me down and ſing-a.

My country curds, and wooden ſpoon,
Methinks are very fine-a;
When, on a ſhady bank at noon,
I ſet me down and dine-a.

My leathern-bottle, ſtuft with ſage,
Is drink that's very thin-a;
No wine did e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.

What tho' my portion won't allow
Of bags of ſhining gold-a;
A farmer's daughter now-a-days
Like ſwine is bought and ſold-a.

My body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt mind within-a;
And for an hundred thouſand pound
I value 't not a pin-a.

No jewels wear I in my ears,
Nor pearls about my neck-a;
No coſtly rings do I e'er uſe,
My fingers for to deck-a.

But for the man, whoe'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a,
I'll keep a jewel worth them all,
I mean my maidenhead-a.

KIND *Ariadne*, drown'd in tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs *Grecian* chief,
'Till *Bacchus*, jolly god, appears,
And heals her woe, and lulls her grief.

The moral of this tale implies,
When woman yields her virgin ſtore,
Away the fated lover flies,
New mines of pleaſure to explore.

A while ſhe tries each female ſnare,
The loud reproach, the ſullen grief;
But, tir'd at length with fruitleſs care,
Flies to the bottle for relief.

MY love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my heart;
From beauty ſtill to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas firſt a charming ſhape inſlav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal ſtroke;
Till by her wit *Corinna* ſav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting anguiſh
For *Belvidera* I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the falſe inconſtant lover,
After a thouſand beauties ſhown,
Does new ſurpriſing charms diſcover,
And finds variety in one.

By Mr. T. BROWN.

APOLLO once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his flame in a paſſionate tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a curſe,
He was ready to take her for better for worſe;
Then talk'd of the ſmart,
And the hole in his heart,
So large one might drive thro' the paſſage a cart.
But the ſilly coy maid, to the god's great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and leapt thro' the caſement.
He following cry'd out, My life, and my dear,
Return to your lover, and lay by your fear;
You think me, perhaps, ſome ſcoundrel, or whoreſon:
Alas! I've no wicked deſign on your perſon.

I'm

I'm a god by my trade,
Young, plump, and well-made;
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of phyſicians, and none of the college
Muſt be mention'd with me for experience and knowledge;
Each herb, flow'r, and plant, by its name I can call,
And do more than the beſt ſeventh-ſon of them all:
With my powder and pills,
I cure all the ills
That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind,
While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

Beſides, I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
And top all the writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*;
I'm the prop of the ſtage, and the pattern of wit,
I ſet my own ſonnets, and ſing to my kit:
I'm at *Will*'s all the day,
And each night at the play,
And verſes I make faſt as hops, as they ſay.
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubl'd her ſpeed,
And flew like a whore from a conſtable freed.

Now, had our wiſe lover, (but lovers are blind)
In the language of *Lombard-ſtreet*, told her his mind;
Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money,
Oddsbubs I muſt ſwinge thee, my joy, and my honey;
I ſit next the chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be may'r,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare:
Tho' as wrinkl'd as *Prim*, as deform'd as the devil,
The god had ſucceeded, the nymph had been civil.

WHere the light cannot pierce in a grove of tall trees,
With my fair one as blooming as *May*,
Undiſturb'd by all ſounds but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun leſs intenſe to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows, the groves we'll ſo take,
And ſee the rays dance, as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake.

Where my faireſt and I, on its verge as we paſs,
For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme,
Our two ſhadows may view in the watery glaſs,
While the fiſhes do play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
While ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain,
All be ſilent and huſht, unleſs eccho repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
To direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let not a thought be expreſs'd in our talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus inchanted each day with theſe rural delights,
And ſecure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new charms.

From MILTON's L'Allegro.

LET me wander not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

While the plowman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milk-maid ſingeth blythe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

IS there a charm, ye pow'rs above,
To eaſe a wounded breaſt,
Thro' reaſon's glaſs to look at love,
To wiſh, and yet to reſt.
Let wiſdom boaſt, 'tis all in vain,
An empire o'er the mind;
'Tis beauty, beauty holds the chain,
And triumphs o'er mankind.

Thrice happy birds on ev'ry ſpray,
Unartful notes prolong;
Your feather'd mates reward the lay,
And yield to pow'rful ſong.
By nature fierce, without controul,
The human ſavage ran,
'Till love refin'd his ſtubborn ſoul,
And civilis'd the man.

Verſe turns aſide the tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping ſlave;
It wins a ſmile from hoary age,
And diſappoints the grave.
The force of numbers muſt ſucceed,
And ſooth each gentle ear;
Tho' my fond cauſe ſhould *Phœbus* plead,
He'd find a *Daphne* here.

Did heav'n ſuch wond'rous gifts produce,
To curſe our wretched race;

Say, muſt we all the heart accuſe,
And yet approve the face?
Thus in the ſun, bedropt with gold,
The basking adder lyes;
The ſwain admires each ſhining fold,
Then graſps the ſnake, and dies.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey;
In each creature we may ſee
The effect of love's decree.
Such their ſtate, thus their fate;
Do not, *Polly*, do not wait.

Look around, and ſee them play,
All are wanton while they may:
Why ſhou'd precious time be loſt?
After ſummer comes a froſt.
All purſue nature's due,
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds o'er ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing;
Hark they coo, ſee they woo,
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too.

Mark how kind that ſwain and laſs,
Yonder ſitting on the graſs;
See how earneſtly he woos,
While ſhe, bluſhing, can't refuſe:
See theſe two, how they woo,
Let us, *Polly*, do ſo too.

Mark yon cloud above the plain,
See it ſeems to threaten rain;

Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking ſhelter from the weather.
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Let us therefore do ſo too.

SWEET were once the joys I taſted,
All was jollity and love,
Time methought too nimbly haſted,
Which on pleaſure's wings did move.
Chloe then was all my treaſure,
Never was a richer ſwain;
Chloe doubl'd ev'ry pleaſure,
Chloe baniſht ev'ry pain.

But the envious gods repining,
So much bleſs on earth to ſee,
All their bitt'reſt curſes joining,
Daſh'd my cup with jealouſy.
Now, where erſt my pipe reſounded,
Steals the ſigh, and heart-felt groan,
Love by doubts and fears ſurrounded;
Ill diſpute a tott'ring throne.

Fool, that ever art purſuing
What conceal'd is always beſt:
Jealouſy, love's child and ruin,
Leave, Oh! leave my tortur'd breaſt.
With the ſlave thy pow'r confeſſing,
Thou, O *Venus*! mildly deal:
They who ſhun, or ſlight thy bleſſing,
Shou'd alone thy torments feel.

By Mr. GAY.

PRETTY *Polly*, ſay,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never ſtray
To ſome newer lover?
Without diſguiſe,
Heaving ſighs,
Doating eyes,
My conſtant heart diſcover.
Fondly, fondly let me loll,
O pretty, pretty *Poll*.

'TWAS in the bloom of *May*,
When odours breathe around,
When nymphs are blythe and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I ſtray'd,
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
No mortal e'er ſo fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of ſtraw,
Which ſuch a face did ſhade
As *Phœbus* never ſaw:
Her locks, of nut-brown hue,
A round-ear'd coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleaſing view
A ſporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her ſlender waſte
A ſcrip embroider'd hung,
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accomp'ny'd with a ſong;

With ſuch a pleaſing note
Cuzzoni doth excel,
Or *Philomela*'s throat,
That warbles thro' the vale.

Not long I ſtood to view,
Struck with her heav'nly air,
I to the charmer flew,
And caught the yielding fair.
Hear this, ye ſcornful belles,
And milder ways purſue;
She that in charms excels,
Excels in kindneſs too.

Tune, *Alloa-houſe.*

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
On lords thy admirers could look with diſdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain.
You ſaid, while they teas'd you with nonſenſe and dreſs,
When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs,
You ſaw thro' that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And, while beaus were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

O! how ſhall I fold thee, and kiſs all thy charms,
'Till, fainting with pleaſure, I die in your arms;
Thro' all the wild tranſports of exſtaſy toſt,
'Till, ſinking together, together we're loſt.
Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe wit does enliven each dull pauſe of joy;
And, when the ſhort raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful miſtreſs, turns ſenſible friend.

In vain do I praiſe thee, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion, which only we feel;
In all that you do, in each look and each mein,
The graces in waiting adorn you unſeen:

In

When I ſee you I love you, when hearing adore,
I wonder and think you a woman no more;
'Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my boſom, how can I deſpair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care:
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is beſt.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy wit ſhall correct what thy love did inſpire:
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendſhip, when paſſion's no more.

Tune, *Banks of Forth.*

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
The ſun returning glads the day;
Awake, the balmy Zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daiſie glows,
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes the ſong,
And *Forth* in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daiſies fair!
More fragrant than the vernal air!
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or ſtreams that murmur thro' the grove!
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come the tranſient bleſs enjoy,
Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt will cloy.

By SHAKESPEAR.

TAKE, O! take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, (the break of day)
Lights that do miſlead the morn.
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, O! hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe top the pinks that grow
Are of thoſe that *April* wears:
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

ON *Etrick* Banks, in a ſummer's night,
At gloming, when the ſheep draw hame,
I met my laſſie, braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I ſang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clap'd her there ſou lang,
My words they were na mony ſeck.

I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To th' Highland hills the *Earſe* to learn,
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brig of *Earn*.
At *Leith* auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herring at the *Broom-o'-Law*;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

And when that we have wrought enough,
When winter's froſt and ſnaw begin,

Soon

Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
  At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring,
  And thus the weary night we'll end,
'Till the tender kid and lambkins bring
  Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
  And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs among the broom,
  And lead you to my ſummer ſhield;
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
  That mak the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
  And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
  Invite the tuneful birds to ſing,
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy livelſy bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more,
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,

The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits,
To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blytheſome then and gay,
Among the birks of *Innermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound,
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of *Innermay*.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call ;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams ;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance :
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Innermay*.

COME hither, my country 'ſquire,
Take friendly inſtructions from me,
The lords ſhall admire
Thy taſte in attire,
And the ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.
Such flaunting,
Gallanting,
And jaunting,
Such frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shalt quit *London* town,
To live in thine own country.

A skimming-dish hat provide,
With little more brim than lace;
Nine hairs on a side,
To a pig's tail ty'd,
Will set off thy jolly broad face.
Such flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose,
Then frizz like a shock,
And plaster thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at the toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive,
In a chaise and pair
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shall drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber-trees down:
Who'd keep such trash,
And not cut a flash,
To enjoy the delights of the town?
Such flaunting, &c.

IN the fields, in frosts and snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my father's cows,
There I milk'd 'em early:
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, every-where a boo.
We defy all care and strife,
In a charming country life.

Then

When the ſummer fleeces heap,
Watching late and early,
Then I ſhear my father's ſheep,
Then I ſhear them early :
Baeing here, baeing there,
Here a bae, there a bae, every-where a bae.
We defy all care, &c.

E'er the light came from above,
In the morning early,
There I met with my true love,
There I met him early :
Wooing here, wooing there,
Here a woo, there a woo, every-where a woo.
O ! how free from care, &c.

In the morn at ſix o'clock,
In the morning early,
There I feed our turky-cock,
There I feed him early :
Cou, cou, goble, goble, goble.
Here a cou, there a cou, every-where a cou.
O ! how free from care, &c.

In the morning near the fens,
In the morning early,
There I feed my father's hens,
There I feed them early :
Cackle here, cackle there,
Here a cack, there a cack, every-where a cack.
O ! how free from care, &c.

In the morning with good ſpeed,
In the morning early,
I my father's ducks do feed,
In the morning early :
Quacking here, quacking there,
Here a quack, there a quack, every-where a quack,
O ! how free from care, &c.

In

In the morning fair and fine,
In the morning early,
There I feed my father's ſwine,
There I feed them early:
Grunting here, grunting there,
Here a grunt, there a grunt, every where a grunt.
O! how free from care and ſtrife
Is a pleaſant country life.

A Lovely laſs to a friar came,
To confeſs, in a morning early:
In what, my dear, are you to blame?
Come tell me now ſincerely.
I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a man that loves me dearly.

The greateſt fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover.
You for that crime to *Rome* muſt go,
And diſcipline muſt ſuffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double-dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing.
I muſt own, Sir, (but I bluſh for ſhame)
That your penance is prevailing.

AH! how ſweet it is to love!
Ah! how gay is young deſire!
And what pleaſing pains we prove,
When firſt we feel a lover's fire!

Pains of love are ſweeter far,
Than all other pleaſures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
Ev'n the tears they ſhed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their ſmart.
Lovers, when they loſe their breath,
Bleed away an eaſy death.

Love and time with rev'rence uſe,
Treat 'em like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuſe,
Which in youth ſincere they lend:
For each year their price is more,
And they leſs ſimple than before.

Love, like ſpring-tides, full and high,
Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
Each other tide has leſs ſupply,
'Till they quite ſhrink in again:
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

COME, take your glaſs, the Northern laſs
So prettily adviſ'd;
I drank her health, and really was
Agreeably ſurpriſ'd:
Her ſhape ſo neat, her voice ſo ſweet,
Her air and mein ſo free;
The ſyren charm'd me from my meat,
But, Take your drink, ſaid ſhe.

If from the North ſuch beauty came,
How is it that I feel
Within my breaſt that glowing flame
No tongue can e'er reveal?

Tho'

Tho' cold and raw the North wind blow,
All ſummer's on her breaſt;
Her skin was like the driven ſnow,
But ſun-ſhine all the reſt.

Her heart may Southern climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it ſeems;
That joy with pain be equal felt,
And balanc'd in extremes.
Then, like our genial wine, ſhe'll charm
With love my panting breaſt;
Me like our ſun her heart ſhall warm,
Be ice to all the reſt.

GENTLE love, this hour befriend me,
To my eyes reſign thy dart;
Notes of melting muſic lend me,
To diſſolve a frozen heart.

Chill as mountain ſnow her boſom,
Tho' I tender language uſe;
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen
To my arms, and to my muſe.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,
Where a broken heart appears,
For thy pity interceding,
With the eloquence of tears.

While the lamp of life is fading,
And beneath thy coldneſs dies,
Death my ebbing pulſe invading,
Take my ſoul into thine eyes.

LOVE's a dream of mighty treaſure,
Which in fancy we poſſeſs;

In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.
When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chase,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.
But the wretch that would be knowing
What the fair one wou'd disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

HE. LOVE's an idle childish passion,
Only fit for girls and boys;
Marriage is a cursed fashion,
Women are but foolish toys.
Spite of all the tempting evils,
Still thy liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

SHE. Empty boaster, know thy duty,
Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy;
Feel the force of love and beauty,
Tremble at my feet, and die.
Wherefore does thy colour leave thee?
Why these cares upon thy brow?
Did the rebel, pride, deceive thee?
Ask him, who's the monarch now!

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous paſſion,
Source of all ſublime delights;
When, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites,

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That falſe joy, which now bewitches,
When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawleſs paſſion is vexation;
But a chaſte and conſtant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the bleſsful ſtate above.

WElcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor ſetter,
Dare to ſhew his frightful face;
But, kind ſir, as you're a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your coat will be in danger;
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
From your children, or your wife;
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
Thro' the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt reſentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment,
Fears and cares attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our bodies here,

Uſe will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Ev'ry iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea;
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

Pray what made great *Alexander*
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon gate.
For the world is alſo bounded,
By the heav'ns and ſtars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but Jove.

FROM ſweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men, your hearts ſecure;
Leſt in the paths of ſenſe you rove,
In dotage premature
Look at each laſs thro' wiſdom's glaſs,
Nor truſt the naked eye;
Gallants beware, look ſharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a ſpinſter in the realm
But knows mankind to cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave and great.
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
T' entangle us they try:
Gallants beware, *&c.*

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find,
Some Belles, when intereſt directs,
Can even paint the mind.

Joy

Joy in distress they can express,
Their very tears can lie:
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade;
To write the tricks of half the sex,
Would sink that ocean dry:
Gallants beware, &c.

By SHAKESPEAR.

SUMMER.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmens clocks;
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks:
The cuckow then, &c.

WINTER.

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow.
And *Marian*'s noſe looks red and raw;
Then roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,
And nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit tu-whoo, a merry, merry note,
While greaſy *Joan* doth keel the pot.

By Mr. BAKER.

WOman, thoughtleſs, giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, flutt'ring thing;
Moſt fantaſtic work of nature,
Still, like fancy, on the wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extreme,
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh faſhion,
And, at beſt, a pleaſing dream.

Lovely trifle, dear illuſion,
Conqu'ring weakneſs, wiſh'd for pain,
Man's chief glory, and confuſion,
Of all vanities moſt vain.

Thus deriding beauty's power,
Beville call'd it all a cheat;
But, in leſs than half an hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at *Celia*'s feet.

AS the ſnow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon diſſolves and runs away;
So the beauties, ſo the graces
Of the moſt bewitching faces,
At approaching age, decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
By the ſlaves he once controul'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by ev'ry lover,
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholy looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft careſſes, am'rous glances,
Melting ſighs, tranſporting trances,
Are the bleſt effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, leſt age reſuming
What your youth profuſely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old ſtories
To your unbelieving friends.

A Nymph and a ſwain to *Apollo* once pray'd,
The ſwain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd;
Their intent was to try if the oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaſte, or a ſwain that was true.

Apollo was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd,
But ſagely, at length, he this ſecret diſclos'd;

He

He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

AS *Celia* in her garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of harm,
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And reſted on her arm.

The curious inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting bloom;
But, with a thouſand ſweets in view,
It found a ſudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The little daring thing;
But firſt the ſnowy arm receiv'd
And felt the painful ſting.

Once only could that ſting ſurpriſe,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the darts of *Celia*'s eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd burning ſmart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endleſs love.

FAireſt iſle, all iſles excelling,
Seat of pleaſures and of love,
Venus here will chuſe her dwelling,
And forſake her *Cyprian* grove.
Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove,
Jealouſy that pois'nous paſſion,
And deſpair that dies for love.

Gentle

Gentle murmurs, ſweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulſes, kind diſdaining,
Shall be all the pains you prove:
Ev'ry ſwain ſhall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for love.

I'M not one of your ſops, who, to pleaſe a coy laſs,
Can ly whining and pining, and look like an aſs.
Life is dull without love, and not worth the poſſeſſing;
But fools make a curſe what was meant for a bleſſing.
While his godſhip's not rude, I'll allow him my breaſt;
But, by Jove, out he goes, ſhou'd he once break my reſt.
I can toy with a girl for an hour, to allay
The fluſter of youth, or the ferment of *May*;
But muſt beg her excuſe, not to bear pain or anguiſh,
For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languiſh.

MIſtaken ſair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For, whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon, without a maſter:
Then only let us ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live 's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breaſt,
And kindly meet my paſſion.

But

But if, thus bleſt, I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

THAT man who, for life,
Is bleſt in a wife,
Is ſure in a happy condition:
Go things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill;
She's comforter, friend, and phyſician.
She's, &c.

Pray where is the joy,
To trifle and toy,
Yet dread ſome diſaſter from beauty?
But ſweet is the bleſs
Of a conjugal kiſs,
Where love mingles pleaſure with duty.
Where, &c.

One extravagant whore
Shall coſt a man more,
Than twenty good wives that are ſaving;
For wives they will ſpare,
That their children may ſhare,
But whores are eternally craving.
But, &c.

THE man who, for life,
Is plagu'd with a wife,
Is ſure in a wretched condition;
Go things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill,

And

And death is his only phyſician.
Poor man, &c.

To triſle and toy
May give a man joy,
When paſſion's promoted by beauty;
But where is the bleſs
Of a conjugal kiſs,
When paſſion is prompted by duty?
Poor man, &c.

The dog when poſſeſs'd
Of mutton the beſt,
A bone he may leave at his pleaſure;
But if to his tail
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He is harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond meaſure.
Poor cur, &c.

WHEN *Orpheus* went down to the regions below,
(Which men are forbidden to ſee)
He tun'd up his lyre, as old hiſtories ſhow,
To ſet his *Eurydice* free.

All hell was aſtoniſh'd, a perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his life,
And venture ſo far; but how vaſt their ſurpriſe!
When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a puniſhment due to the fault,
Old *Pluto* did puzzle his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again, in reward of his art:
Such power had muſic in hell.

WHEN mighty roaſt beef was the *Engliſhman*'s food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
O! the roaſt beef of old *England*,
And O! the old *Engliſh* roaſt beef.

But ſince we have learnt from all-conquering *France*,
To eat their ragouſts, as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaiſance.
O! the roaſt beef, *&c.*

Our fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout and ſtrong,
And kept open houſe with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this ſong,
O! the roaſt beef, *&c.*

But now we are dwindled to---what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor race, half-begotten and tame,
Who ſully thoſe honours that once ſhone in fame.
O! the roaſt beef, *&c.*

When good queen *Elizabeth* ſat on the throne,
(E'er coffee and tea, and ſuch ſlip-ſlops, were known)
The world was in terror, if e'er ſhe did frown.
O! the roaſt beef, *&c.*

In thoſe days, if fleets did preſume on the main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again,
As witneſs the vaunting armada of *Spain*.
O! the roaſt beef, *&c.*

O! then they had ſtomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themſelves right;
But now we're a pack of---I could---but good night.
O! the roaſt beef of old *England*,
And O! the old *Engliſh* roaſt beef.

To

To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN humming brown beer was the *Engliſhman*'s Taſte,
Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaſte,
Their breath ſmelt like roſes whenever embrac'd.
O! the brown beer of old *England*,
And O! the old *Engliſh* brown beer.

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the town,
Our anceſtors they by their own fires ſat down,
Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.
O! the brown beer, *&c.*

Our heroes of old, of whoſe conqueſts we boaſt,
Could make a good meal of a pot and a toaſt;
O! did we ſo now, we ſhould ſoon rule the roaſt.
O! the brown beer, *&c.*

When the great *Spaniſh* fleet on our coaſt did appear,
Our ſailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
And ſent them away with a flea in their ear.
O! the brown beer, *&c.*

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
Ere they mounted the roſtrum, their ſpirits to cheer,
Then preach'd againſt vice, tho' courtiers were near.
O! the brown beer, *&c.*

Their doctrines were then authentic and bold,
Well grounded on ſcripture, and fathers of old;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
O! the brown beer, *&c.*

For ſince the Geneva and ſtrong Ratafee,
We are dwindl'd to nothing, but---ſtay, let me ſee,
Faith, nothing at all, but meer fidle-de-dee.
O! the brown beer of old *England*,
And O! the old *Engliſh* brown beer.

WHILST I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare;
When she smiles, I fear dissembling,
When she frowns, I then despair.
Jealous of some rival lover,
If a wand'ring look she give:
Fain I would resolve to leave her,
But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
Or the torments I endure?
I will disclose my inclination;
Awful distance yields no cure.
Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to a slave;
She is too divine a creature,
To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat,
Never mounts to raging passion;
Love's a torment if too great.
When the storm is once blown over,
Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a constant faithful lover
Seldom meets with true repose.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king!

Safe

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have a few friends of your own caſt,
A wife agreeable and chaſte.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
No miſer's fears, nor envy's ſpite,
To break the Sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate mails,
Few taylors, and no doctors bills;
Content to take, as heav'n ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter leaſe.

By JA. ARBUCKLE. Tune, *Tweed-ſide.*

ONE ev'ning the lovelieſt pair
That ever frequented the plain,
Bright *Lydia* th' all-conquering fair,
And *Damon* the beautiful ſwain,
Sat down in a jeſſamine grove,
Where a murmuring rivulet ſtray'd,
When *Damon*, to kindle old love,
Thus ſoftly reproached the maid.

DAM. O *Lydia*! while I was the he
That only was bleſt with your charms,
And never a ſhepherd but me
Claſp'd in that ſoft circle your arms;
Then *Damon* all chearful did ſing,
And his happineſs yielding to none,
Deſpiſ'd all the pomp of a king,
And ſlighted a glittering throne.

LYD. Falſe *Damon*! the virgin reply'd,
Whilſt you true and conſtant did prove,

Conſuming whole days by my ſide,
In ſighing and talking of love;
Whilſt *Phillis*'s beauty did yield
To mine in your delicate eye,
Then I was the pride of the field,
No queen was ſo happy as I.

DAM. Ah! name not that beautiful dame,
She has totally raviſh'd my heart;
Her charms ſet me all in a flame,
Which ſhe fans with her muſical art.
One touch of that powerful breath
Wounds a heart as it pierces an ear;
For her I would freely meet death,
Would the powers my goddeſs but ſpare.

LYD. *Alexis*, the bloomingeſt youth
That treads on the flowery plains,
With innocent arts and pure truth
My heart, not unwilling, detains:
Still burning with mutual deſire,
Unbroken delights we enjoy;
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire,
To ſave the adorable boy.

DAM. But now if my heart ſhould return
To the duty it owes thee again,
Leave *Phillis* to ſorrow, and mourn
A conqueſt ſhe could not maintain;
If humbly thy pardon he'll crave,
And ſigh when he thinks on the time
He ſlighted thy love, wilt thou leave
Thy *Damon* to die for his crime?

LYD. Ah! no, tho' *Alexis* the fair
His charms like a planet diſplays,
And thou art inconſtant as air,
And wrathful as bellowing ſeas;
Yet with thee a long ſeries of years,
Like a minute of joy, I'd conſume,

And

And at death not lament thee with tears,
But lay myſelf down in thy tomb,

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

By paſſion unruffl'd, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare;
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt are but folly and care.

Thoſe bleſſings which Providence kindly has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet meditation, and chearful content,
Will make me both healthy and wiſe.

How vainly, thro' infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ?
When all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

NOW that love's holiday is come,
And *Madge* the maid hath ſwept the room,
And trimm'd her ſpit and pot,
Awake, my merry muſe, and ſing
The revels, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the grey morning dawn'd, 'tis ſaid,
Clarinda broke out of her bed,
Like *Cynthia* in her pride,
Where all the maiden lights that were
Compris'd within our hemiſphere,
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado,
They dreſs'd the bride from top to toe,
And brought her from the chamber,
Deck'd in her robes and garments gay,
More ſumptuous than the live-long day,
Or ſtars inſhrin'd in amber.

The ſparkling bullies of her eyes,
Like two eclipſed ſuns, did riſe
Beneath her chryſtal brow;
To ſhew, like thoſe ſtrange accidents,
Some ſudden changeable events
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed,
Preſag'd the bluſtring night;
With his incircling arms and ſhade,
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade,
And ſcreen her virgin light.

Her lips, thoſe threads of ſcarlet dye,
Wherein love's charms and quivers ly,
Legions of ſweets did crown,
Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay,
O crop me! crop me! whilſt you may,
Anon they're not mine own.

Her breaſts, thoſe melting *Alpes* of ſnow,
On whoſe fair hills, in open ſhow,
The god of love lay napping;
Like ſwelling buts of lively wine,
Upon their ivory tilts did ſhine,
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waiſt, that tender type of man,
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan;
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear,
He, that whole thouſands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the manor there.

But now, before I pass the line,
Pray, reader, give me leave to dine,
And pause here in the middle:
The bridegroom and the parson knock,
With all the Hymeneal flock,
The plumb-cake, and the fidle.

When as the priest *Clarinda* sees,
He star'd, as 't had been half his fees
To gaze upon her face;
And if the spirit did not move,
His countenance was far above
Each sinner in the place.

With meikle stir he join'd their hands,
And hamper'd them in marriage-bands,
As fast as fast might be;
Where still methinks, methinks I hear,
That secret sigh in ev'ry ear,
Once love, remember me!

Which done, the cook he knockt amain,
And up the dishes, in a train,
Came smoking two and two:
With that they wip'd their mouths and sat,
Some fall to quaffing, some to prate;
Ay, mary, and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impail'd the meat,
Roger and Margaret, and Tom and Kate,
Ralph, Bess, Andrew, Maudlin,
And Valentine eke with Sibyl so sweet,
Whose cheeks on each side of her snuffers did meet,
As round and as plump as a codling.

When at the last they had fetched their frees,
And mired their stomachs quite up to their knees
In claret and good cheer;
Then, then began the merry din,

For

For as it was they were all on the pin :
O! what kiſſing and clapping was there.

But, as luck would have it, the parſon ſaid grace,
And to friſking and dancing they ſhuffled apace,
Each lad took his laſs by the fiſt ;
And when he had ſqueez'd her, and gam'd her, until
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the reſt of the griſt.

In ſweat and in duſt having waſted the day,
They enter'd upon the laſt act of the play,
The bride to her bed was convey'd,
Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground,
And in ſeeking the garter much pleaſure was found ;
'Twould have made a man's arm have ſtray'd.

This clutter o'er, *Clarinda* lay
Half-bedded, like the peeping day
Behind *Olympus'* cap ;
Whilſt at her head each twittering girl
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirl,
To know the lucky hap.

The bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All diſappointed in the buſtle,
The maidens had ſhav'd his breeches :
But let us not complain, 'tis well,
In ſuch a ſtorm, I can you tell,
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſaid,
Fair lady, have at all ;
Where twiſted at the hug they toy,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly boy,
Oh! who would fear the fall?

Thus both with love's ſweet taper fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tired,
They could not wait the reſt ;

But

But out the folks and candles fled,
And to't they went, and what they did,
There lyes the cream o' th' jeſt.

SWains I ſcorn, who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air;
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that's made for me.

Slaves to faſhion, ſlaves to dreſs,
Fops themſelves alone careſs;
Let them without rivals be,
They are not the men for me.

He, whoſe nervous arm can dart
The jav'lin to the tyger's heart,
From all ſenſe of danger free,
He's the man that's made for me.

While his ſpeed outſtrips the wind,
Looſely wave his locks behind,
From fantaſtic fopp'ry free,
He's the man that's made for me.

Nor ſimp'ring ſmile, nor dimple ſleek
Spoil his manly ſun-burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be,
He's the man that's made for me.

If falſe he proves, my jav'lin can
Revenge the perjury of man;
And ſoon another, brave as he,
Shall be found the man for me.

COUNTERPART TO THE AMAZON.

WOuldſt thou know what ſacred charms
This deſtin'd heart of mine alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
The maid that's made for love and me.

Whoſe breaſt with gen'rous friendſhip glows,
Who feels the bleſſings ſhe beſtows ;
Gentle to all, but kind to me :
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me.

Who grieves to hear the ſigh ſincere,
Who melts to ſee the tender tear ;
From each ungentle paſſion free,
O ! be the maid that's made for me.

Whoſe ſimple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart ;
A gentle train, from falſehood free :
Be ſuch the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquettes, retire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire ;
Unmov'd your tinſel charms I ſee,
More genuine beauties are for me.

Who joys whene'er ſhe ſees me glad,
Who ſorrows when ſhe ſees me ſad,
For peace and me would pomp reſign ;
That's the heart that's made for mine.

Should love, capricious as he is,
Raiſe up ſome rival to my bleſs,
And ſhould ſhe change---But can it be ?
No other maid is made for me.

FREE-MASONS SONGS.

The MASTER'S *Song. By Dr.* Ja. Anderſon.

WE ſing of Maſons ancient fame!
Lo, Eighty thouſand craftſmen riſe
Under the maſters of great name,
More than Three thouſand juſt and wiſe,
Employ'd by *Solomon* the ſire,
And gen'ral maſter maſon too,
As *Hiram* was in ſtately *Tyre*,
Like *Salem* built by maſons true.

The royal art was then divine,
The craftſmen counſel'd from above,
The Temple was the grand deſign,
The wond'ring world did all approve.
Ingenious men from every place
Came to ſurvey the glorious pile;
And, when return'd, began to trace
And imitate its lofty ſtile.

At length the *Grecians* came to know
Geometry, and learn'd the art
Pythagoras was rais'd to ſhow,
And glorious *Euclid* to impart:
Great *Archimedes* too appear'd,
And *Carthaginian* maſters bright;
'Till *Roman* citizens uprear'd
The art with wiſdom and delight.

But when proud *Aſia* they had quell'd,
And *Greece* and *Egypt* overcome,
In architecture they excel'd,
And brought the learning all to *Rome*;
Where wiſe *Vitruvius*, warden prime
Of architects, the art improv'd,
In great *Auguſtus*' peaceful time,
When arts and artiſts were belov'd.

They brought the knowledge from the East,
And, as they made the nations yield,
They spread it through the North and West,
And taught the world the art to build.
Witness their citadels and tow'rs
To fortify their legions fine,
Their temples, palaces and bow'rs,
That spoke the masons grand design.

Thus mighty eastern kings and some
Of *Abram*'s race, and monarchs good
Of *Egypt*, *Syria*, *Greece* and *Rome*,
True architecture understood.
No wonder then if masons join
To celebrate those mason-kings,
With solemn note and flowing wine,
Whilst ev'ry brother jointly sings.

CHOR. Who can unfold the royal art,
Or shew its secrets in a song?
They're safely kept in mason's heart,
And to the ancient lodge belong.

The FELLOW CRAFTS *Song.*

By Brother Charles de la Fay, *Esq;*

HAIL Masonry! thou craft divine!
Glory of earth, from heav'n reveal'd!
Which doth with jewels precious shine,
From all but masons eyes conceal'd.

CHOR. Thy praises due who can rehearse,
In nervous prose, or flowing verse?

As men from brutes distinguish'd are,
A mason other men excels;

For

For what's in knowledge choice and rare
But in his breaſt ſecurely dwells ?

CHOR. His ſilent breaſt and faithful heart
Preſerve the ſecrets of the art.

From ſcorching heat and piercing cold,
From beaſts whoſe roar the foreſt rends,
From the aſſaults of warriors bold,
The maſons art mankind defends.

CHOR. Be to this art due honour paid,
From which mankind receives ſuch aid.

Enſigns of ſtate, that feed our pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain,
By maſons true are laid aſide ;
Art's freeborn ſons ſuch toys diſdain.

CHOR. Ennobled by the name they bear,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the badge they wear.

Sweet fellowſhip, from envy free,
Friendly converſe of brotherhood,
The lodge's laſting cement be,
Which has for ages firmly ſtood.

CHOR. A lodge thus built for ages paſt
Has laſted, and ſhall ever laſt.

Then in our ſongs be juſtice done
To thoſe who have enrich'd the art,
From *Adam* to *———— down,
And let each brother bear a part.

CHOR. Let noble maſons healths go round,
Their praiſe in lofty lodge reſound.

** Inſert the Gr. Maſter's name for the time.*

****

The ENTER'D PRENTICES *Song. By* Matth. Birkhead.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are

Aſſembled

Aſſembled on merry occaſion ;
Let's drink, laugh and ſing,
Our wine has a ſpring,
Here's a health to an Accepted Maſon.

The world is in pain
Our ſecrets to gain,
And ſtill let them wonder and gaze on ;
'Till they're ſhown the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word or ſign of an Accepted Maſon.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why ſo many great men of the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid by their ſwords,
Our myſt'ry to put a good grace on,
And ne'er been aſham'd,
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Antiquity's pride
We have on our ſide,
And it maketh men juſt in their ſtation ;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood
By a free and an Accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
And juſt to the Fair ;
They'll truſt us on ev'ry occaſion :
No mortal can more
The ladies adore,
Than a free and an Accepted Maſon.

Then join hand in hand,
By each brother firm ſtand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on :
What mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt,
As a free and an Accepted Maſon ?

CHOR. No mortal can boaſt
So noble a toaſt,
As a free and an Accepted Maſon.

The DEPUTY GRAND MASTER'S *Song.*

ON, on, my dear brethren, purſue your great lecture,
And refine on the rules of old architecture :
High honour to maſons the craft daily brings,
To thoſe brothers of princes and fellows of kings.

We drove the rude *Vandals* and *Goths* off the ſtage,
Reviving the art of *Auguſtus'* fam'd age :
And *Veſpaſian* deſtroy'd the vaſt temple in vain,
Since ſo many now riſe in ————'s mild reign.

The noble five orders, compos'd with ſuch art,
Will amaze the fixt eye, and engage the whole heart :
Proportion's ſweet harmony gracing the whole,
Gives our work, like the glorious creation, a ſoul.

Then, maſter and brethren, preſerve your great name,
This lodge ſo majeſtic will purchaſe you fame ;
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand till all nature expire,
And its glories ne'er fade till the world is on fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our toil,
Inſpires our genius, and bids labour ſmile :
To our noble grand maſter let a bumper be crown'd,
To all maſons a bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,
Our ancient firm union cements with a glass;
And all the contention 'mongst masons shall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

Again let it pass to the *Prince's lov'd name, [*Wales.
Whose glorious admission has crown'd all our fame:
May a *Lewis* be born, whom the world shall admire,
Serene as his mother, august as his sire.

CH. Now a *Lewis* is born, whom the world shall admire,
Serene as his mother, august as his sire.

The TREASURER'S *Song.*

GRant me, kind heav'n, what I request,
In masonry let me be blest:
Direct me to that happy place
Where friendship smiles in ev'ry face;
Where freedom, and sweet innocence,
Enlarge the mind, and cheer the sense.

Where sceptre'd reason from her throne
Surveys the lodge, and makes us one;
And harmony's delightful sway
For ever sheds ambrosial day;
Where we blest *Eden*'s pleasure taste,
Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

Our lodge the social virtues grace,
And wisdom's rules we fondly trace;
Whole nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths we should pursue.
Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

No prying eye can view us here,
No fool nor knave disturb our cheer;

Our

Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,
And give relief to misery:
The poor, oppress with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

The SECRETARY'*s Song.*

YE brethren of the ancient craft,
Ye fav'rite sons of fame,
Let bumpers cheerfully be quaff'd
To great ——— 's name:
Happy, long happy may he be,
Who loves and honours masonry.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

In vain would *D'anvers* with his wit †
Our slow resentment raise;
What he and all mankind have writ
But celebrates our praise.
His wit this only truth imparts,
That masons have firm faithful hearts.
With a fa, &c.

Ye *British* fair, for beauty fam'd,
Your slaves we wish to be;
Let none for charms like yours be nam'd
That loves not masonry.
This maxim *D'anvers* proves full well,
That masons never kiss and tell.
With a fa, &c.

True masons! no offences give,
Let fame your worth declare,

† *That those who hang'd Capt.* Porteous *at* Edinburgh *were all Free Masons, because they kept their own Secrets. See* Craftsman, 16*th* April 1736. N°. 563.

Within

Within your compaſs wiſely live,
And act upon the ſquare:
May peace and friendſhip e'er abound,
And great ——————'s health go round.
With a fa, &c.

The SWORD-BEARER'*s Song.*

TO all who maſonry deſpiſe
This council I beſtow;
Don't ridicule, if you are wiſe,
A ſecret you don't know.
Yourſelves you banter, but not it;
You ſhew your ſpleen, but not your wit.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Inſpiring virtue by our rules,
And in ourſelves ſecure,
We have compaſſion for thoſe fools
Who think our acts impure:
We know from ignorance proceeds
Such mean opinion of our deeds.
With a fa, &c.

If union and ſincerity
Have a pretence to pleaſe,
We brothers of the maſonry
Lay juſtly claim to theſe:
To ſtate-diſputes we ne'er give birth,
Our motto friendſhip is and mirth.
With a fa. &c.

Then let us laugh, ſince we've impos'd
On thoſe who make a pother,
And cry, the ſecret is diſclos'd
By ſome falſe-hearted brother:
The mighty ſecret's gain'd, they boaſt,
From *Poſt-boy,* and from *Flying-poſt.*
With a fa, &c.

By

By Mr. CHARLES COFFEY.

COME, jolly *Bacchus*, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure.
Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink, and ſing, without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty *Bacchus*, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure;
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleaſure:
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

HERE's a health to the king, and a laſting peace,
May faction be damn'd, and diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it, while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
Down, down, down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may ſhe long
Be our firſt fair toaſt, to grace our ſong;
Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around:
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.

Let

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celeſtial joys are found;
And may confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs woman-hating crew:
And he that will this health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to trade, and the common-weal,
And patriots to their country leal;
But who for bribes gives Satan his ſoul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl:
And all that with ſuch rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In ſmiling *Bacchus*'s joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleaſures to my ſoul:
Let *Bacchus*'s health round ſwiftly move,
For *Bacchus* is a friend to love;
And he that doth this health deny,
Down among the dead men, &c.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toaſt,
May he in *Bridewell* be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a poſt.
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go,
To be merry another year.

He that will not merry, merry be,
And take his glaſs in courſe,
May he b' oblig'd to drink ſmall beer,
Ne'er a penny in his purſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,

May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding wife,
To confound him with her noiſe.
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With his miſtreſs in a bed;
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me put in his ſtead.
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

By HARRY CAREY.

Bacchus muſt now his power reſign,
I am the only god of wine:
It is not fit the wretch ſhould be
In competition ſet with me,
Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new world, ye powers divine,
Stock it with nothing elſe but wine;
Let wine its only produce be,
Let wine be earth, and air, and ſea,
And let that wine be----all for me.

Let other mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care;
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let ſtates and empires ſwim or ſink:
My ſole ambition is to drink.

UPbraid me not, capricious fair,
With drinking to exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown deſpair,
Were your indifference leſs.

Love

Love me, my dear, and you ſhall find,
When this excuſe is gone,
That all my bliſs, when *Chloe*'s kind,
Is fixt on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy;
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,
When *Ariadne*'s coy.

HAD *Neptune*, when firſt he took charge of the ſea,
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry, as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and, inſtead of his brine,
Wou'd have fill'd the vaſt ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain:
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking;
The fiſhes ne'er drown, tho' they're always a-drinking.

Had this been the caſe then, what had we enjoy'd!
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd:
A pox then on *Neptune*, when 'twas in his po w'r,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

ZENO, *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*,
All were lovers of the bottle;
Poets, painters and muſicians,
Churchmen, lawyers and phyſicians,
All admire a pretty laſs,
All require a chearful glaſs:
Ev'ry pleaſure has its ſeaſon,
Love and drinking are no treaſon.

Tune, *Auld Sir* Simon *the king.*

COME here's to the nymph that I love.
Away ye vain ſorrows away;
Far, far from my boſom begone,
All there ſhall be pleaſant and gay.

Far hence be the ſad and the penſive,
Come fill up the glaſſes around,
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain ſorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
With ev'ry gay blooming deſire,
My blood with briſk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleaſures my boſom inſpire.

My ſoul now to love is diſſolving,
O fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd claſp her, I'd claſp her ſo eager,
Of all her diſdain I'd diſarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here,
With his troops of vain cares in array?
Avaunt, idle penſive intruder,---
He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
Young *Cupid*, here's to thy confuſion.---
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquiſh'd;
Adieu to his anxious deluſion.

Come, jolly god *Bacchus*, here's to thee;
Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
Sing *Io*, ſing *Io* to *Bacchus*.---
Hence, all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what ſhould we do but be jovial?
Come, tune up your voices, and ſing:
What ſoul is ſo dull to be heavy,
When wine ſets our fancies on wing?

Come, *Pegaſus* lyes in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a gallant young *Perſeus*,
Sublime we'll aſcend to the ſky.

Come mount, or adieu, I ariſe,
In ſeas of wide æther I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are ſailing,
I ſee the ſpheres whirling around.

What darkneſs, what rattling is this?
Thro' *Chaos*' dark regions I'm hurl'd;
And now---Oh! my head it is knockt
Upon ſome confounded new world.

Now, now theſe dark ſhades are retiring:
See yonder bright blazes a ſtar.
Where am I?---Behold the *Empyreum*,
With flaming light ſtreaming from far.

COME fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noiſe;
For I've try'd the endearments and pleaſures of love,
And I find they're but nonſenſe and whimſies, by *Jove*.

When firſt of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a ſaint;
But I found her religion, her face, and her love,
Were hypocriſy, paint, and ſelf-intereſt, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cicel* came next, with her languiſhing air,
Her outſide was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her ſoul was ſophiſticate, ſo was her love,
For I found ſhe was only a ſtrumpet, by *Jove*.

Little double-gilt *Jenny*'s gold charm'd me at laſt,
(You know marriage and money together does beſt)
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her gold to a ſniv'ling dull coxcomb, by *Jove*.

Come

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys,
Here's a farewel to female impert'nence and noiſe:
I know few of the ſex that are worthy my love,
And for ſtrumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

SHE tells me with claret ſhe cannot agree,
And ſhe thinks of an hogſhead whene'er ſhe ſees me:
For I ſmell like a beaſt, and therefore muſt I
Reſolve to forſake her, or claret deny.

Muſt I leave my dear bottle, that was always my friend,
And I hope will continue ſo to my life's end?
Muſt I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard task.
Let her go to the devil, to the devil: Bring t'other flask.

Had ſhe tax'd me with gaming, and bid me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an ear:
Had ſhe found out my *Sally*, up three pair of ſtairs,
I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to pray'rs.

Had ſhe bid me read homilies three times a day,
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to ſay:
But at night to deny me my bottle of red.---
Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be ſaid.

AS *Granville*'s ſoft numbers tune *Mira*'s juſt praiſe,
And *Chloe* ſhines lovely in *Prior*'s ſweet lays,
Would *Daphne* but ſmile, their example I'd follow,
And as ſhe looks like *Venus*, I'd ſing like *Apollo*:
But, alas! when no ſmiles from my fair one inſpire,
How languid's my ſtrain, and how tuneleſs my lyre?

Ye *Zephyrs* ſalute, in ſoft accents, her ear,
And tell how I languiſh, ſigh, pine and deſpair;
In gentleſt murmurs my paſſion commend,
But whiſper it ſoftly, for fear you offend:

For ſure, O ye winds! ye may tell her my pain;
'Tis *Strephon*'s to ſuffer, and not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Still ſomething preſents the dear nymph to my view;
If I traverſe the garden, the garden ſtill ſhows
Her neck in the lilly, her lip in the roſe:
But with her neither lilly nor roſe can compare,
Her lips are more ſweet, and her boſom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguiſh, I ſteal to the grove,
The ſpring there preſents the fair bloom of my love;
The nightingale too, with impertinent noiſe,
Pours forth her ſoft ſtrains in my Syren's voice:
Thus the grove, and its muſic, her image ſtill brings,
For like ſpring ſhe looks fair, like the nightingale ſings.

If, forſaking the grove, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and ſplendor united reſort,
Some glimpſe of my fair, in each charmer I ſpy,
In *Richmond*'s fair form, or in *Brudnell*'s bright eye:
But, alas! what would *Richmond* or *Brudnell* appear?
Unheeded they'd paſs, were my *Daphne* but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell o'er a *Horace*, or *Ovid*'s ſoft ſtrain,
In *Lyd'a* or *Chloe* my *Daphne* I find,
But *Chloe* was courteous, and *Lyd'a* was kind:
Like *Lyd'a* or *Chloe* wou'd *Daphne* but prove,
Like *Horace* and *Ovid* I'd ſing, and I'd love.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crowds and noiſe,
Happy is that ſilent dwelling,
Fill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing joys.
Happy that contented creature,
Who with feweſt things is pleas'd,

And

And conſults the voice of nature,
When of roving fancies eas'd.
Ev'ry paſſion wiſely moving
Juſt as reaſon turns the ſcale,
Ev'ry ſtate of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail.
Happy man who thus poſſeſſes
Life, with ſome companion dear;
Joy imparted ſtill increaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

WITH early horn ſalute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With chearful cries bid Echo riſe,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chryſtal floods,
All return th' inlivening ſound.

Tune, *Come and liſten to my ditty.*

AS near to *Porto-bello* lying,
On the gently ſwelling flood,
At midnight, with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while *Vernon* ſat, all glorious
From the *Spaniards* late defeat,
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to *Britain*'s fleet.
On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard:

Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks ſhrowded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And with looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of *Hoſier* Brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hy'd him,
Where the *Burford* rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did *Vernon* hail.

Heed, O heed our fatal ſtory!
I am *Hoſier*'s injur'd ghoſt.
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place, where I was loſt;
Though, in *Porto-bello*'s ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping,
Theſe were *Engliſh* captains brave;
Mark thoſe numbers pale and horrid,
Who were once my ſailors bold,
Lo each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal fate is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this *Spaniſh* town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my Orders not to fight;

Oh!

Oh! that in this rolling ocean,
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To reduce the pride of *Spain*.

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, Brave and happy *Vernon*,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the *Baſtimentos* never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſea the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud *Spain* diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an *Engliſh* part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we Hail;
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let *Hoſier*'s wrongs prevail.
After this proud foe ſubduing,
When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for *England* ſham'd in me.

ANSWER.

HOSIER! with indignant ſorrow,
I have heard thy mournful tale;
And, if heav'n permit, to-morrow
Hence our warlike fleet ſhall ſail:

O'er

O'er these hostile waves, wide roaming,
We will urge our bold design,
With the blood of thousands foaming,
For our country's wrongs and thine.

On that day, when each brave fellow
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd *Porto-bello*,
All my thoughts were full of thee:
Thy disast'rous fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous ardour warm'd me
To revenge thy fall, or die.

From their lofty ships descending,
Through the flood, in firm array,
To the destin'd city bending,
My lov'd sailors work'd their way:
Straight the foe, with horror trembling,
Quits in haste his batter'd walls,
And, in accents undissembling,
As he flies for mercy calls,

Carthagena, tow'ring wonder!
At the daring deed dismay'd,
Shall e'er long, by *Britain*'s thunder,
Smoaking in the dust be laid:
Thou, and these pale spectres, sweeping
Restless o'er this wat'ry round,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping,
Pleas'd shall listen to the sound.

Still rememb'ring thy sad story,
To thy injur'd ghost I swear,
By my hopes of future glory,
War shall be my constant care;
And I ne'er will cease pursuing
Spain's proud sons from sea to sea,
With just vengeance for thy ruin,
And for *England* sham'd in thee.

Tune,

Tune, *My apron, dearie.*

MY ſheep I neglected, I loſt my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook,
No more for *Amynta* freſh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I ſaid, would ſoon cure my love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I *Amynta*, why broke I my vow? *&c.*

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue,
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O! give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and *Amynta* no more. *&c.*

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, *Amynta* no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do!
Why left I *Amynta*, why broke I my vow? *&c.*

Tune, *Pinky-houſe.*

WHAT blooming youth, falſe-hearted fair,
Gay favourite of to-day,
Has all thy ſun-ſhine to his ſhare,
And basks him in the ray?
Be who he will, he ſoon ſhall mourn,
The fate of luckleſs love,
And call for vengeance in his turn
From ev'ry pow'r above.

What though, to each fair failing blind,
He dreams thee all his own,

Thee

Thee ever faithful, ever kind,
Nor dreads the coming frown:
But ſoon the skies will overcaſt,
And ſtormy ſurges ſwell,
Caprice ariſe, diſtruſt, diſtaſte,
And all the lover's hell.

I too once, tempted with the wind,
Embark'd upon the main,
But ſaw my danger, chang'd my mind,
And wiſh'd me back again:
Some god ſure ſnatch'd me from my fate,
And ſet me ſafe on ſhore,
Where pleas'd I hear the billows beat,
And diſtant tempeſts rore.

WILL you go and marry, *Kitty*?
Can you think to take a man?
'Tis a pity one ſo pretty
Should not do the thing they can.
You, a charming lovely creature,
Wherefore would you ly alone?
Beauty's of a fading nature,
Has a ſeaſon to be gone.

'Therefore while you're blooming, *Kitty*,
Liſten to a loving ſwain;
Take example by fair *Betty*,
Once the darling of the men:
Who, with coy and fickle nature,
Trifled off till ſhe's grown old,
Now ſhe's left by ev'ry creature;
Let not this of thee be told.

But, my dear and lovely *Kitty*,
This one thing I have to tell,

I could

I could wiſh no man to get you,
Save it were my very ſel.
Take me, *Kitty*, at my offer,
Or be-had, and I'll take you:
We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Marry, *Kitty*, then we'll woo.

Many words are needleſs, *Kitty*,
You do want, and ſo do I;
If you would a man ſhould get you,
Then I can that want ſupply:
Say then, *Kitty*, ſay you'll take me,
As the very choice of men,
Never after to forſake me,
And the prieſt ſhall ſay *Amen*.

Then, O! then, my charming *Kitty*,
When we're marry'd, what comes then?
Then no other man can get you,
But you'll be my very ain:
Then we'll kiſs and clap at pleaſure,
Nor be troubled at envy;
If once I had my lovely treaſure,
Let the reſt admire and die.

BEauing, belleing, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, ſinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.
Spending faſter than it comes,
Beating bawds, whores, and duns,
(*Bacchus'* true begotten ſons)
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

Sometimes nought but claret drinking,
Then, like politicians, thinking
To raiſe money when they're ſinking,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

Sometimes flush of money store,
Then like any poet poor,
Kissing queans and then a whore,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

When at home with daddy dining,
Still for *Malo*'s waters whining,
When good claret is declining,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.
Living short but merry lives,
Going where the devil drives,
Keeping misses and no wives,
Live the rakes at *Malo*.

Raking tenants, stewards teazing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking thus at *Malo*.
Then, to end a rakish life,
They grow sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife
With their wives at *Malo*.

WHEN *Sylvia* strikes the trembling strings,
She charms with melody divine,
But if a melting air she sings,
In consort all the muses join.

The youthful, wanton, little loves
Around the beauteous charmer fly;
And ev'ry way the virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The Graces press about the fair,
Where youth and blooming glories reign,
And while her voice employs the ear,
Her eyes provoke an am'rous pain.

How

How ſhall I mitigate my woes?
O! where enjoy the wiſh'd redreſs?
A ſtranger to all ſoft repoſe,
Where charms and muſic both oppreſs.

With her in ſymphony we go,
We ſoar when ſhrill ſhe riſes high,
And, to ſoft cadence ſinking low,
Intent the faculties apply.

Italian ſongs are wont to pleaſe,
Tho' ſenſeleſs words join harmony;
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both ſenſe and muſic meet in thee.

Tune, *Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſures did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving, and bonny was ſhe?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee:
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from theſe een,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna preſer a paroquet to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think upon *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new manto or *Flanders* lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never ſae fine,

Gar thee grow forgetful, and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine.
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at theſe beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels, or beaus, or ſoppery had power
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

Tune, *Down the Burn Davie.*

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee,
When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blythe *Davy*'s blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, *Davie*, love,
And I ſhall follow thee.

Now

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her e'en were bonny blue;
Her looks were like *Aurora* bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be more fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They'd like a week sae sweet;
And that they aften would return,
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

Tune, *Blink over the Burn, sweet Bettie.*

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet *Betty*,
Leave kindred and friends for me;
Assured thy servant is steady
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature, and fortune
May fly, by chance, as they came;
They're grounds the destinies sport on,
But virtue is ever the same.

Altho'

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms so heav'nly appear,
That, other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear.
And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
The pleasures we promis'd our loves,
To share them together is sitter,
Than moan asunder, like doves.

O! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms;
By thee to be grasp'd, and kissed,
And live on thy heav'n of charms:
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Should fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death should tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

SHould auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thousand *Cupids* play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur softly while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But, ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline;
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blythe bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And, in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air
And ſigns of generous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
They 'pproach'd the ſacred ſhrine,
Where the good prieſt the people bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

Tune, *The Laſs of Livingſton.*

PAIN'D with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s love,
Bell drop a tear, *Bell* drop a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear;
They heard the praiſes of the youth,
From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung, and thus ſhe ſung:

Bleſt days! when our ingenuous ſex,
More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind, but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return, wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn, or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame, yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame, to own my flame?
Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy, and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy, my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire, own your deſire,
While love's young pow'r, with his ſoft wing,
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
Oh! do not, with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign, or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain, but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes,
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurprize, with ſweet ſurprize.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a ſwain was reclining,
Aſt cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtrangger;
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding day a good-morrow;
The ſward of the mead, enamel'd with daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But, if ſhe appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is *Hay*'s bonny laſſie.

Tune, *John Anderſon my Jo.*

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they cou'd never conquer yet
Either my breaſt or brain:
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your ſlave I'll ſcorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.

Think

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let *Platonics* play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll constant be:
If fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn assoon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likeways in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great *Cupid*'s deity,
I'll never love you more.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown;
And, in his safe retreat,
Is pleased with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care and bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great.

No

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts e'er heap
  Vexation on his mind :
No trumpets rouze him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare,
From state intrigues he holds afar,
  And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
  And on their product feeds :
Each season of the wheeling year
Industrious he improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
  So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lyes,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the silvan scene he tries,
  His spirits to regale :
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
  That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he pass his time in toys
  Beneath his just regard :
He's fond to feel the *Zephyr*'s breeze,
To plant and shed his tender trees ;
And, for attending well his bees,
  Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flow'ry meads, and silent coves,
The scenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
  Afford a wish'd delight :

But O how pleaſant is this life !
Bleſt with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of ſtriſe,
Around his fire at night.

WILLY was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carry'd ay the gree awa :
His doublet was of *Zetland* ſhag,
And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw ;
And ay whatever *Willy* ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth gowd ?
He wan the love of great and ſma' ;
For, after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was na *Willy* a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen ?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.

Quoth

Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted *Willy*'s wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face,
With bobbing *Willy*'s ſhanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs like *Willy* ye advance,
(O! *Willy* has a wanton leg)
For we't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſic dancing here,
If we want *Willy*'s wanton fling.

By Mr. WALLER.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

Tune,

Tune, *The gallant Shoemaker.*

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh, and forbad him;
I wadna tent his loving ſang,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him.
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be
Like ſummer fruit that is unſhaken,
When ripe they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.
Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but my ſell nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by

How happy's *Scotland* in her Fair!
Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recal:
Enjoying them, *Edina* ne'er
Shall miss a court; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the Lov'd appear
Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
True fountains of delight and love,
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
'Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.

FIE! *'Liza*, scorn the little arts
Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,
Unless they still refuse:
Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,
To raise our passion higher;
But when the poor delight is known,
It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die:
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be crost;
Ah! *'Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes past.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful gloom,
Where none but ſighing lovers come,
Where the ſhrill trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal huſh goes round.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing pain,
And never think of war again:
What glory can a lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a ſlave?

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful room,
Where none but honeſt fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never ſound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again:
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the houſe where he's a ſlave?

By CHA. COFFEY. Tune, *Charming Sally.*

OF all the trades from eaſt to weſt,
The cobler's paſt contending;
He's like in time to prove the beſt,
Who ev'ry day is mending.
How great his praiſe who can amend
The ſoals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his laſt he labours.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And *Boreas*, with his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then *Bell* my wife, wha loves na ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, goodman, ſave Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromy is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aſt has ſhe wat the bairn's mou',
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne:
Get up, goodman, it is ſou time,
The ſun ſhines in the liſt ſou hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end.
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now 'tis ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this mony a year:
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king *Robert* rang,
His trews they coſt but half a crown;
Yet ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and lown.
He was the king that wore the crown,
And thou a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;

I think

I think the world is a' gane daft,
When ilka wife her man wad rule :
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe ;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty year,
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten :
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be ;
And if you'd prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, ſhe loves na ſtrife,
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can ;
And, to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft man yield, tho' I'm goodman :
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

Tune, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard *Mary* ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee ?
Stay, deareſt *Adonis*, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me ?
Alas ! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhould leave me :
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of thoſe that took *Maeſtricht*,
Nor *Yarmouth* leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars or conſtellations;
For I am not Sir *Sidrophel*,
Nor none of his relations.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys,
Their limbs in am'rous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my ſaints are,
May drink and love ſtill reign;
With wine I waſh away my care,
And then to love again.

RANELAGH-HOUSE.

WHAT beauteous ſcenes inchant my ſight!
How cloſely yonder vine
Does round the elm's ſupporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine?
That elm, no more a barren ſhade,
Is with her cluſters crown'd;
And that ſame vine, without his aid,
Had creept along the ground. *&c.*

Let this, my fair one, rouze thy heart
Connubial joys to prove;
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtleſs ruſh on love.
Know thy own joy, and bleſs to hear,
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harms. *&c.*

While ſome with ſhort-liv'd paſſion glow,
His love remains the ſame;
On him alone thy heart beſtow,
And crown his conſtant flame.
So ſhall no froſt untimely e'er
Deform thy blooming ſpring;
So ſhall thy trees, from blaſts ſecure,
Their wonted tribute bring. &c.

COLIN. BE ſtill O ye winds, and attentive ye ſwains,
'Tis *Phœbe* invites, and replies to my ſtrains.
The ſun never roſe on, ſearch all the world through,
A ſhepherd ſo bleſt, or a fair one ſo true.

PH. Glide ſoftly ye ſtreams, ye nymphs round me throng,
'Tis *Colin* commands, and enlivens my ſong.
Search all the world over, you never will find
A maiden ſo bleſt, or a ſhepherd ſo kind.

COL. When *Phœbe* is with me, the ſeaſons are gay,
And winter's bleak months are as pleaſant as *May*;
The ſummer's gay verdure ſtill ſprings as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing through the meads.

PH. When *Colin* is abſent, 'tis winter all round;
How faint is the ſunſhine, how barren the ground?
Inſtead of the linnet or nightingale's ſong,
I hear the hoarſe croaking of frogs all day long.

COL. O'er hill, dale and valley my *Phœbe* and I
Together will wander, and love ſhall be by;
Her *Colin* ſhall guard her ſafe all the day long,
Which *Phœbe* at night will repay with a ſong.

PH. By moon-light, when ſhadows glide over the plain,
His kiſſes ſhall chear me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain:
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a church-yard, if *Colin* is there.

COL.

COL. Ye ſhepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your tranſport, how laſting your pain?
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy from *Phœbe* and me.

PH. Ye nymphs, who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains, and let me be your guide:
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Colin* and me.

CHORUS.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſure it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Adds joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

TELL me, lovely ſhepherd, where
At noon thou feedſt thy fleecy care:
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat.
Leſt by thy flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way.
Where reſt at noon thy bleating care?
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where.

ANSWER.

FAireſt of the virgin throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
See yon fertile vale, along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod.
Purſue the prints their feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade.

From the Spectator, *Vol.* VI.

HASTE, my rain-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey through this dreary waſte;
Haſte, my rain-deer, ſtill, ſtill thou art too ſlow,
Impetuous love demands the light'ning's haſte.

Around us far the ruſhy moors are ſpread,
Soon will the ſun withdraw his chearful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we ſhall the marſhes tread,
No lay unſung to cheat the tedious way.

The watry length of the unjoyous moors
Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
Through theſe I fly to her my ſoul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breaſt is tortur'd with impatient fires:
Fly, my rain-deer, fly ſwifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce deſires.

Our pleaſing toil will then be ſoon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder loſt, ſhalt view my fair;
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artleſs charms, her bloom, her ſprightly air.

But, lo! with graceful motion then ſhe ſwims,
Gently removing each ambitious wave,
The crowding waves tranſported clap her limbs:
When, when, O when ſhall I ſuch freedom have!

In vain, ye envious ſtreams, ſo faſt ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze;
From ev'ry touch ye more tranſparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

SOON

SOON as the day begins to waſte,
Straight to the well-known door I haſte,
And rapping there I'm forc'd to ſtay,
While *Molly* hides her work with care,
Adjuſts her tucker, and her hair,
And nimble *Beckie*, ſcours away.

Entring I ſee in *Molly*'s eyes
A ſudden ſmiling joy ariſe,
As quickly check'd by virgin ſhame;
She drops a curt'ſy, ſteals a glance,
Receives a kiſs, one ſtep advance.
If ſuch I love, am I to blame?

I ſit, and talk of twenty things,
Of South Sea ſtock, or death of kings,
While only yes or no cries *Molly*;
As cautious ſhe conceals her thoughts,
As others do their private faults;
Is this her prudence, or her folly?

Parting I kiſs her lip and cheek,
I hang about her ſnowy neck,
And ſay, Farewell, my deareſt *Molly*:
Yet ſtill I hang, and ſtill I kiſs.
Ye learned ſages, ſay, is this
In me th' effect of love, or folly?

No; both by ſober reaſon move,
She prudence ſhews, and I true love,
No charge of folly can be laid:
Then, till the marriage rites proclaim'd
Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd
The conſtant ſwain, and virtuous maid.

Tune, Logan-water.

MY *Chloe* is the snow-drop fair,
Curling endive is her hair,
The frag'rant jes'min is her breath,
White kidney-beans her even teeth,

Two daisies are her shining eyes,
Her breasts like swelling mushrooms rise,
Her waist the tall and upright fir;
But, ah! her heart is cucumber.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head,
And sooth my heart's corroding care;
Flash round my brows, ye light'ning red,
And blast the laurels planted there;
But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.

Let all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind,
May from her breast my vows remove,
And no remembrance leave behind.
But may, &c.

O! may I ne'er behold her more.
For she has rob'd my soul of rest;
Wisdom's assistance is too poor,
To calm the tempest in my breast.
But may, &c.

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly sleep,
And with my sorrows lay me low;
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe.
Then may, &c.

By CHA. COFFEY.

OF all ſtates in life ſo various,
Marriage ſure is moſt precarious!
'Tis a maze ſo ſtrangely winding,
Still we are new mazes finding;
'Tis an action ſo ſevere,
That nought but death can ſet us clear.
Happy's the man from wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his liberty;
Were men wary
How they marry,
We ſhould not be by half ſo full of miſery.

YE ſwains that are courting a maid,
Be warn'd and inſtructed by me;
Tho' ſmall experience I've had,
I'll give you good council and free.

The women are changeable things,
And ſeldom a moment the ſame;
As time a variety brings,
Their looks new humours proclaim.

But who in his love would ſucceed,
And his miſtreſs's favour obtain,
Muſt mind it as ſure as his creed,
To make hay while the ſun is ſerene.

There's a ſeaſon to conquer the fair,
And that's when they're merry and gay;
To catch the occaſion take care,
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll aſſay,

YOU

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a passion far more great
Than e'er a creature loved yet:
And yet still you cry, Forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the miser leave his ore;
Bid the wretched sigh no more;
Bid the old be young again;
Bid the nun not think on man;
Silvia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of choice, but fate;
What makes me love, makes you to hate:
Silvia, then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

By HARRY CAREY.

HERE's to thee, my boy,
My darling, my joy,
For a toper I love as my life;
Who ne'er baulks his glass,
Nor cries, like an ass,
To go home to his mistress or wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings catches, and laughs,
All the night he looks jovial and gay;
When morning appears,
Then homeward he steers,
To snore out the rest of the day.

He

He feels not the cares,
The griefs, nor the fears,
That the ſober too often attend;
Nor knows he a loſs,
Diſturbance, or croſs,
Save the want of his bottle and friend.

MY *Celia*'s neck, more white than ſnow,
With tranſport I deſcry;
Eternal Sun-ſhine on her brow,
And pleaſure in her eye.

What tho' ſhe yields in charms of face
To part of womenkind;
Her's is the ſoul's attractive grace,
And beauty of the mind.

Let others feaſt their raviſh'd ſight
On charms that ſoon decay;
Poor, empty phantom of delight,
And pageant of a day!

From her the virtues, heav'nly train!
Their influence mild diſpenſe;
While, willing, I embrace the chain,
A captive to good ſenſe.

Let ideots, ſunk below mankind,
Their bleſs in beauty place,
Preferring, by dark error blind,
A *Venus* to a Grace.

But me the good, the chaſte, yet kind,
Wound more than beauty's dart;
Unbyas'd rectitude of mind,
And honeſty of heart.

Thus while in *Hymen*'s sacred bands,
By charms of person led,
The vulgar join their plighted hands,
Of two one flesh is made.

But us one common wish shall bound,
One mutual fear controul,
And of two hearts the string shall sound
An unison of soul.

TO beauty compar'd pale gold I despise,
No diamonds can sparkle like *Celia*'s bright eyes;
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass,
With far greater rapture I view my fine lass;
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
But its value I own,
And I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

AH! *Chloris*, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
And lay by your terrible glances;
We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you not long time for courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out,
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.

COME, dear *Amanda*, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets flie;
Behold, the winter storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the skie.

The

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee ;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see !

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
'Till *Philomel* begins to sing,
And perfect *May* to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day :
For soon, too soon, it will be night.
Arise, my love, and come away.

Florella, first in charms and wit,
In whose inchanting speaking eyes
All the bright soul's perfections sit,
And such resistless magic lyes :
O can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppose your *Damon* insincere ?

To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the play,
Let my love-doubting nymph repair,
And ev'ry shining form survey ;
And, if she meets her equal there,
Conclude her *Damon* insincere.

Or if my fair should chance to pass
(What art, for beauty's use, design'd)
The bright, unsully'd, faithful glass,
Itself an emblem of her mind ;
Let her behold her image there,
And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom
O'er all the lovely face confest,

And let her ſparkling eyes aſſume
The charms that rob my ſoul of reſt;
And then, to bleſs my raviſh'd ear,
Confeſs I can't be inſincere.

BEhold the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plain can be found,
So lovely as *Celia* is fair.

Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain;
O ſend a fond lover your notes,
To ſoften my *Celia*'s diſdain.

Oft-times, in a flowery vale,
I breathe my complaint in a ſong;
Fair *Flora* attends my ſoft tale,
And ſweetens the border along.

But *Celia*, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of *Flora* in *May*,
She frowning pronounces my doom,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

COME *Roſalind*, O! come, and ſee
What pleaſures are in ſtore for thee;
The flowers in all their ſweets appear,
The fields their gayeſt beauties wear.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove
Do warble out their notes of love:
For thee they ſing, the roſes bloom,
And *Colin* thee invites to come.

Come *Roſalind*, and *Colin* join,
My tender flocks and all are thine:

If

If love and *Rosalind* be here,
'Tis *May* and pleasure all the year.

Come see a cottage and a swain;
Thou canst my love nor gifts disdain:
Leave all behind, no longer stay,
For *Colin* calls thee, haste away.

ANSWER.

AH! *Colin*, could I think that you
To *Rosalind* would prove but true:
'Tis hard for maidens to believe,
Young men so prone are to deceive.

The warblers do their music yield
On ev'ry bush, in ev'ry field;
But while their music does me charm,
Colin perhaps may seek my harm.

If *Rosalind* should *Colin* take,
And he his vows of love forsake,
After he has my favour won,
Poor *Rosalind* is then undone.

Thy love and gifts I will revere,
If *Colin*'s love is but sincere;
Thy *Rosalind* will not delay,
But to her *Colin* haste away.

FReedom is a real treasure,
Love a dream, all false and vain;
Short, uncertain is the pleasure,
Sure and lasting is the pain.

A ſincere and tender paſſion
Some ill planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is inclination!
Fate and women doat on fools.

HOW brimful of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
Nor nothing to talk of, for nothing they know.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau, *&c.*

For nothing they riſe, but to draw the freſh air;
Spend the morning in nothing but curling their hair;
And do nothing all day but ſing, ſaunter and ſtare.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau, *&c.*

For nothing, at night to the play-houſe they crowd;
To mind nothing done there, they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk Nothing aloud.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau, *&c.*

For nothing they run to th' aſſembly and ball;
And for nothing, at cards a fair partner they call;
For they ſtill muſt be beaſted who've---nothing at all.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau, *&c.*

For nothing, on ſundays, at church they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor they've nothing to fear,
They nothing are nowhere, who nothing are here.
Such, ſuch is the life of a beau, *&c.*

KIndneſs hath reſiſtleſs charms,
All beſides can weakly move;
Fierceſt anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.
Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;

It

It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlave grow pleas'd and vain.

LOvely charmer, deareſt creature,
Kind invader of my heart;
Grac'd with ev'ry gift of nature,
Grac'd with ev'ry help of art.
Oh! could I but make thee love me,
As thy charms my heart have mov'd,
None could e'er be bleſs'd above me;
None could e'er be more belov'd.

THAT all men are beggars we plainly may ſee,
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,
Tho' none are ſo bleſt or ſo happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

The tradeſman he begs that his wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe that the price is not high,
Swears 'tis at prime coſt, but he tells you a lie,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The lawyer he begs that you'd give him a fee,
Tho' he reads not your brief, nor regards he your plea,
But adviſes your foe how to get a decree,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The courtier he begs for a penſion or place,
A title, a ribband, or ſmile from his grace,
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

But if by miſhap he ſhould chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe the whole nation's undone,
There's but one honeſt man, and himſelf is that one,
Which nobody can deny, &c.

The

The fair-one she labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much pains to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom,
Which nobody should deny, &c.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing eye
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die,
Which none but a fool would deny, &c.

THAT the world is a lottery what man can doubt?
When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn out;
And tho' tickets are bought by the fool and the wise,
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten blanks to a prize.
Sing tantara rara, fools all, fools all,
Sing tantara rara, fools all.

The court has itself a bad lottery's face,
Where ten draw a blank before one draws a place.
For a ticket in law who would give you thanks?
For that wheel contains scarce any but blanks.
Sing tantara rara, keep out, &c.

'Mongst doctors and lawyers some good ones are found,
But, alas! they are rare as the ten thousand pound.
How scarce is a prize, if with women you deal?
Take care how you marry---for Oh! in that wheel,
Sing tantara rara, blanks all, &c.

That the stage is a lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
Where ten plays are damn'd ere one can succeed;
The blanks are so many, the prizes so few,
We all are undone, unless kindly you
Sing tantara rara, clap all, &c.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my *Kitty*'s face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

WHEN love and youth cannot make way,
Nor with the fair avail,
To bend to *Cupid*'s gentle sway
What art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, *Strephon*, a receipt
Of a most sov'reign pow'r;
If you the stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden show'r.

This method try'd enamour'd *Jove*,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardless *Danae*'s love,
Or conquer her disdain.

By *Cupid* s self I have been told,
He never wounds a heart
So deep, as when he tips with gold
The fatal piercing dart.

WHEN here, *Lucinda*, first we came,
Where *Arno* rolls his silver stream,
How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay?
Content inspir'd each rural lay:

The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the sweets of *Arno*'s vale.

But now, since good *Palemon* dy'd,
The chief of shepherds and the pride,
Now *Arno's* sons must all give place
To Northern swains, an iron race:
All taste of pleasure now is o'er,
Thy notes, *Lucinda*, please no more;
The Muses droop, the *Goths* prevail:
Adieu! the sweets of *Arno*'s vale.

ONE kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Tho' we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And ev'ry wish shall pant for you:
One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, then bid adieu.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bless,
Thousands will not pay that one,

Left

Leſt the debt ſhould break your heart,
Roguiſh *Chloe* ſmiling cries,
Come, a thouſand then in part
For the preſent ſhall ſuffice.

THE new-flown birds, the ſhepherds ſing,
And welcome in the *May*;
Come, *Paſtorella*, now the ſpring
Makes ev'ry landskip gay:
Wide-ſpreading trees their leafy ſhade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting fountains play'd
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taſte the ſeaſon in its prime,
And bleſs the riſing year:
O! how my ſoul grows ſick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.
Then ſhall I paſs the gladſome day,
Warm in thy beauty's ſhine,
When thy dear flock ſhall ſport and play,
And intermix with mine.

For thee of doves a milk-white pair
In ſilken bands I hold,
For thee a firſtling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold.

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkins pleaſe,
My ſpotleſs heart, without deceit,
Be offer'd up with theſe.

IN vain the force of female charms,
In vain their offer'd love;

Their

Their smile, their air, nor all their charms,
My passion can remove:
For all that's fair and good I find
In *Chloe*'s form, in *Chloe*'s mind.

Let *Celia* all her wit display,
That glitters while it kills;
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I find
In *Chloe*'s form, in *Chloe*'s mind.

Fair *Flavia* shines in gems of gold,
And uses all her arts;
Not richest chains my heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In *Chloe*'s form, in *Chloe*'s mind.

Those notes, sweet *Myra*, now give o'er,
That once had pow'r to wound;
When *Chloe* speaks they are no more,
But mix with common sound:
All grace, all harmony I find
In *Chloe*'s form, in *Chloe*'s mind.

FLY care to the winds, thus I blow thee away,
I'll drown thee in wine, if thou dar'st for to stay;
With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,
I'll laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

God *Bacchus* this moment adopts me his son,
And inspir'd my breast glows with transports unknown;
The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,
And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.

Then, dull sober mortals, be happy as me,
Two bottles of claret will make us agree,

Will

Will open your eyes to see *Phillis*'s charms,
And, her coyness wash'd down, she'll fly to your arms.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou, with all thy sweets must die.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazling the rash beholder's eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet spring, so beauteous and so gay,
Store-house, where sweets unnumber'd ly,
Not long thy fading glories stay,
But thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,
To thee no period is assign'd;
Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refin'd.

Tune, *If e'er I do well 'tis a wonder.*

WHEN, betimes in the morn, to the fields we repair,
There to range where the game may be seated,
At the sound of the horn, all disturbance and care
Fly away at the noise, as defeated.

When the hounds give the cry, care and strife then does fly,
Having nothing at all to oppose it;
Away goes the fox to his holes in the rocks,
The lawyer and statesman their closet.

When the game breaks away, then we call up the hounds,
And raise up a hallo to chear them;

So

So the echo, that then through the woods does resound,
Rejoices their hearts that do hear them :

Then *Jingler* doth rore, hearing *Jowler* before,
Rare music make *Sweet-lips* and *Mally* ;
The musical noise makes the huntsman rejoice,
And the squat makes the pack for to rally.

Then, casting about, we find her anew,
Then we call up the hounds that are straying ;
Coming up with a shout, we give them a view,
While we're able to keep her a playing.

And when she grows weak, and her life is at stake,
And we're able to make her a seizure,
'Tis then at our will, to save, or to kill,
Then home we return at our leisure.

And, when we come home, we get as good cheer
As our kind loving dames can provide us ;
We drink and carouse with strong ale and beer,
Having nothing at all to divide us.

We rise in a ring, we dance and we sing,
We've enough of our own, need not borrow :
Can the court of a king yield a pleasanter thing ?
We're to-day just as we'll be to-morrow.

YE madcaps of *England*, who merry would make,
And spend all your fortune for jollity's sake,
Come over to *Flanders*, and there you shall see
How merry we'll make, how jovial we'll be.
Sing tantara rara, boys drink, boys drink,
Sing tantara rara, boys drink.

If you are a citizen broke by mischance,
And would by your courage your credit advance,
'Tis needless to take any thought for your lives,
Providing you leave a good friend by your wives.
Sing tantara rara, boys drink, &c.

And

And when that ye come to your enemies land,
Where hens, geese and turkies ye have at command,
There take 'em, or leave 'em, or let 'em alone,
You must go and catch 'em, or else you'll get none.
Sing tantara rara, make shift, *&c.*

And then if ye come to your enemies walls,
Where many a gallant young gentleman falls,
If ye die, when ye've done the best that ye can,
The captain rewards ye, There dies a brave man.
Sing tantara rara, that's all, *&c.*

And if you should lose but an arm or a leg,
The officer gives you his pass for to beg;
Altho' that he promise you some better pay,
Yet that never happens, no not till doom's day.
Sing tantara rara, long time, *&c.*

All I wish and all I want.

SInce, my fair one, you ask me, what life I would chuse,
I prithee distrust not the truth of my muse;
Tho' I tell you in rhime, yet believe me sincere,
I'll speak in plain terms, have the patience to hear.

To thy self, thy dear self, are my wishes confin'd,
I sigh for your person, but doat on your mind:
So easy your conduct, your wit and your air,
'Tis the meanest perfection you have, that you're fair.

I'd repine not at fortune, abounding or small,
Since without thee is nothing, and with thee is all:
For a needful support ne'ertheless I would move;
'Tis hard for a lady to live upon love.

To the town, with content, I would soon bid adieu;
I find all politeness is center'd in you:
To some quiet retirement we both would repair,
Your joy my ambition, your pleasure my care.

Thus,

Thus, my angel, our lives would roll gently away,
And love be the buſineſs alone of the day.
One article more will complete my deſign,
That this may be your wiſh as much as 'tis mine.

TRanſporting charmer of my heart,
Dear cauſe of all my joy,
Whoſe image, fixed in my breaſt,
Does all my thoughts employ!

Tho' length'ning plains between us ſtretch,
Vaſt Mountains 'twixt us riſe,
Spite of all diſtance, mighty love
Preſents thee to my eyes.

Whene'er I take my ſilent walk
Along the lonely glade,
Kind fancy to my raptur'd thoughts
Preſents my charming maid.

When from the mountain's tow'ring height
Wide-opening ſcenes I view,
Hills, woods and lawns my eyes ſurvey,
My ſoul ſees only you.

SUmmer's heat the town invades,
All repair to cooling ſhades:
How inviting, how delighting,
Are the hills and flow'ry meads?

Here where lovely *Hampſtead* ſtands,
And the neighbouring vale commands,
What ſurpriſing proſpects riſing!
All around adorn the lands.

Here

Here ever woody mounts arise,
There verdant lawns delight our eyes,
Where *Thames* wanders in meanders,
Lofty domes approach the skies.

Here are grotto's, purling streams,
And shades defying *Titan*'s beams,
Rosy bowers, fragrant flowers,
Lovers wishes, poets themes.

Of the chrystal bubbling well,
Life and strength the current swell:
Health and pleasure, heavenly treasure,
Smiling here, united dwell.

Here, nymphs and swains, indulge your hearts,
Share the joys our scene imparts;
Here be strangers to all dangers,
All but those of *Cupid*'s darts.

Tune, *Where have you been*, &c.

O Happy, happy pair!
Under the spreading pear,
Whose minds resemble the serene,
That shines above so clear.

O happy, happy fair!
When *Corydon* is near,
As on thy heaving breast he leans,
His words do charm thine ear.

O happy, happy swain!
While *Phyllis* is by thee,
Whose willing kisses sweeter are
Than ought from off the tree.

The minutes roll along,
Whilſt raptur'd you entwine
Your arms around her ſwan-like neck,
And kiſs and kiſs again.

And when your manly head
Reclines upon her neck,
Then ſhe with love and fondneſs views
And ſtrokes your ruddy cheek.

Sweet muſic charms your ears,
And flowers pleaſe your eyes;
Their ſcents, and all things round, conſpire
To render 't Paradiſe. *J. C.*

O What joys the country yields!
Charming joys the country yields,
When wild roſes make ſweet poſies,
And new verdure decks the fields.

O! how pleaſant 'tis to view,
Wond'rous pleaſant 'tis to view
Freſh *Aurora* vie with *Flora*,
And the cowſlips ſhine with dew!

How delightful 'tis to hear!
O delightful 'tis to hear
Blackbirds ſinging, and woods ringing,
While ſweet *Zephyrs* fan the air!

O how pleaſing 'tis to praiſe!
More than pleaſing 'tis to praiſe,
In green bowers, crown'd with flowers,
Chloe in unſtudy'd lays.

But how charming 'tis to ſpy!
More than charming 'tis to ſpy,
When purſuing her undoing
Bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eye! YES,

YES, *Daphne*, in your face I find
Thoſe charms by which my heart's betray'd:
Then let not your diſdain unbind
The pris'ner that your eyes have made.
She, that in love makes leaſt defence
Wounds ever with the ſureſt dart;
Beauty may captivate the ſenſe,
But kindneſs only gains the heart.

'Tis kindneſs, *Daphne*, muſt maintain
The empire that you once have won:
When beauty does like tyrants reign,
The ſubjects from their duty run.
Then force me not to be untrue,
Leſt I, compell'd by generous ſhame,
Caſt off my loyalty to you,
To gain a glorious rebel's name.

SHE. AND canſt thou leave thy *Nancy*,
And quit thy native ſhore?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

HE. Yes, I muſt leave my *Nancy*,
To humble haughty *Spain*;
Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

HE. Amidſt the foaming billows,
Where thund'ring cannons rore,
You'll think on theſe green willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on ſhore.

HE. I fear no land nor water,
I fear no ſword nor fire;

For ſweet revenge and ſlaughter
Are all that I deſire.

SHE. May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire and ſteel;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like thoſe which now I feel.

HE. I leave to heaven's protection
My life, my only dear!
You have my ſole affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

GO, roſe, my *Chloe*'s boſom grace.
How happy ſhou'd I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love:
There, *Phœnix*-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd,
With envy and deſpair:
One common fate we both muſt prove,
You die with envy, I with love.

MUSIC has power to melt the ſoul,
By beauty nature's ſway'd;
Each can the univerſe controul,
Without the other's aid.

But here together both appear,
And force united try;
Muſic enchants the liſt'ning ear,
And beauty charms the eye.

What cruelty thoſe pow'rs to join,
  Theſe tranſports who can bear?
Oh! let the ſound be leſs divine,
  Or look the nymph leſs fair.

COLIN, one day, in angry mood,
  Becauſe *Myrtilla*, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his flame and mock'd his ſighs,
Thus fervently to *Jove* applies:
O *Jove*! thou ſov'reign god above,
Who knowſt the pains of ſlighted love,
Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
All the whole ſex, for pity's ſake;
And then we men might live at eaſe,
Secure of happineſs and peace.

Jove kindly heard, (he pray'd not twice)
And took the women in a trice.
When *Colin* ſaw the coaſt was clear,
(For not a ſingle girl was there)
Reflecting with himſelf, 'Twas kind,
Says he, to gratify my mind:
But now my paſſion's o'er, O *Jove*!
Give me *Myrtilla* back, my love!
Let me with her on earth be bleſs'd,
And keep in heaven all the reſt.

WHEN *Sappho* tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain,
  The liſt'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung.

For while ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breaſt was all on fire;

And

And when ſhe join'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away!

But had ſhe added ſtill to theſe
Thy ſofter chaſter pow'r to pleaſe,
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath diſdain,
She ne'er had play'd and ſung in vain,
Deſpair her ſoul had ne'er poſſeſs'd
To daſh on rocks the tender breaſt.

WHEN *Fanny*, blooming fair!
First met my raviſh'd ſight;
Caught with her ſhape and air,
I felt a ſtrange delight:
Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry part,
And ev'ry feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Young ſmiling loves appear,
There *Cupid* basking lyes,
His ſhafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confeſs
The lucky hand of *Jove*,
Her features all expreſs
The beauteous queen of love.
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaſt
Of that too lovely maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſt.

Venus

Venus round *Fanny*'s waiſt
Hath her own ceſtus bound,
With guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
Who ſport the circle round:
How happy will he be
Who ſhall her zone unlooſe,
That bleſs to all but me
May heav'n and ſhe refuſe?

BRitons, to arms yourſelves prepare,
Honour and glory call to war:
Renowned ſons of ancient fame,
Do not your noble courage ſtain,
Nor ſubmit tamely to proud *Spain*.
O rare *Britain*!

You, who reign maſters of the ſeas,
Shake off inglorious ſloth and eaſe;
Exert yourſelves with force and might,
And ſhew that *Britons* yet can fight,
And do your injur'd nation right.
O rare *Britain*!

Hark! how the trumpet to arms doth ſound,
Where there's nothing but blood and wounds;
Drums a beating, colours flying,
Cannons roaring, men a-dying:
Theſe are the noble effects of war.
O rare *Britain*!

Diſplay your colours, mount your guns,
Batter their caſtles and their towns:
And let your thund'ring cannons roar,
'Till they the wonted peace reſtore,
And the proud dons inſult no more.
O rare *Britain*!

Then why should we be daunted at all,
For to obey our general's call;
Fighting for our church and laws,
Dying in so just a cause:
These are the noble effects of war.
O rare *Britain*!

By BEN. JOHNSON.

PROud women I scorn you,
Brisk wine's my delight;
I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night:
As great as a monarch,
The moments I'll pass,
The bottle my globe,
And the sceptre my glass.
The table's my throne,
And the tavern my court;
The drawer's my subject,
And drinking's my sport:
Here's the queen of all joy,
Here's a mistress ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all sorrows,
And life of all bliss,
I'm a king when I hug you,
Much more when I kiss.

FINIS.

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